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SMASH MICS

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MAIL THIS COUPON

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HOW THE 2-LINE FLASH IDENTIFICATION WORKS

The two planes below look very much alike, although one's a Nazi and the other American. But any youngster can instantly tell them apart with the 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION.

Aeronautics Photo



Long-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.
Twin Tail Booms. Rounded Tail Plane.



The 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the AMERICAN Lockheed P-38 Lightning.

Airpix, Toronto



Short-Nosed Fuselage Suspended on Wings.
Twin Tail Booms. Rectangular Tail Plane.



The 2-line FLASH IDENTIFICATION identifies this plane instantly as the GERMAN Focke-Wulf FW. 189.

Midnight

by
Paul
Gustavson

**WEEEEHEE
HEE HA HO HO**

BOY! ... YOU'RE A
CARD, DOC! -- TRYING
TO TELL ME THAT
THING'S FROM
MARS -- AND
ALIVE!



A FLASH OF BLINDING LIGHT ...

EARTH-SHAKING THUNDER OF A MIGHTY ROCKET! ...

AND ANNOUNCER DAVE CLARK FINDS HIMSELF BROADCASTING THE

INCREDIBLE STORY OF INVADERS FROM MARS! BUT LISTENERS YAWNED AND REMARKED THAT

ORSON WELLES WAS LOOSE AGAIN ... UNTIL THE SINISTER FIGURE STALKED OUT IN DEVASTATING

FURY!! THEN IT WAS MIDNIGHT, WITH HIS PALS, DOC WACKY AND GABBY, AGAINST THE

SINISTER MENACE FROM MARS -- OR SOMEPLACE



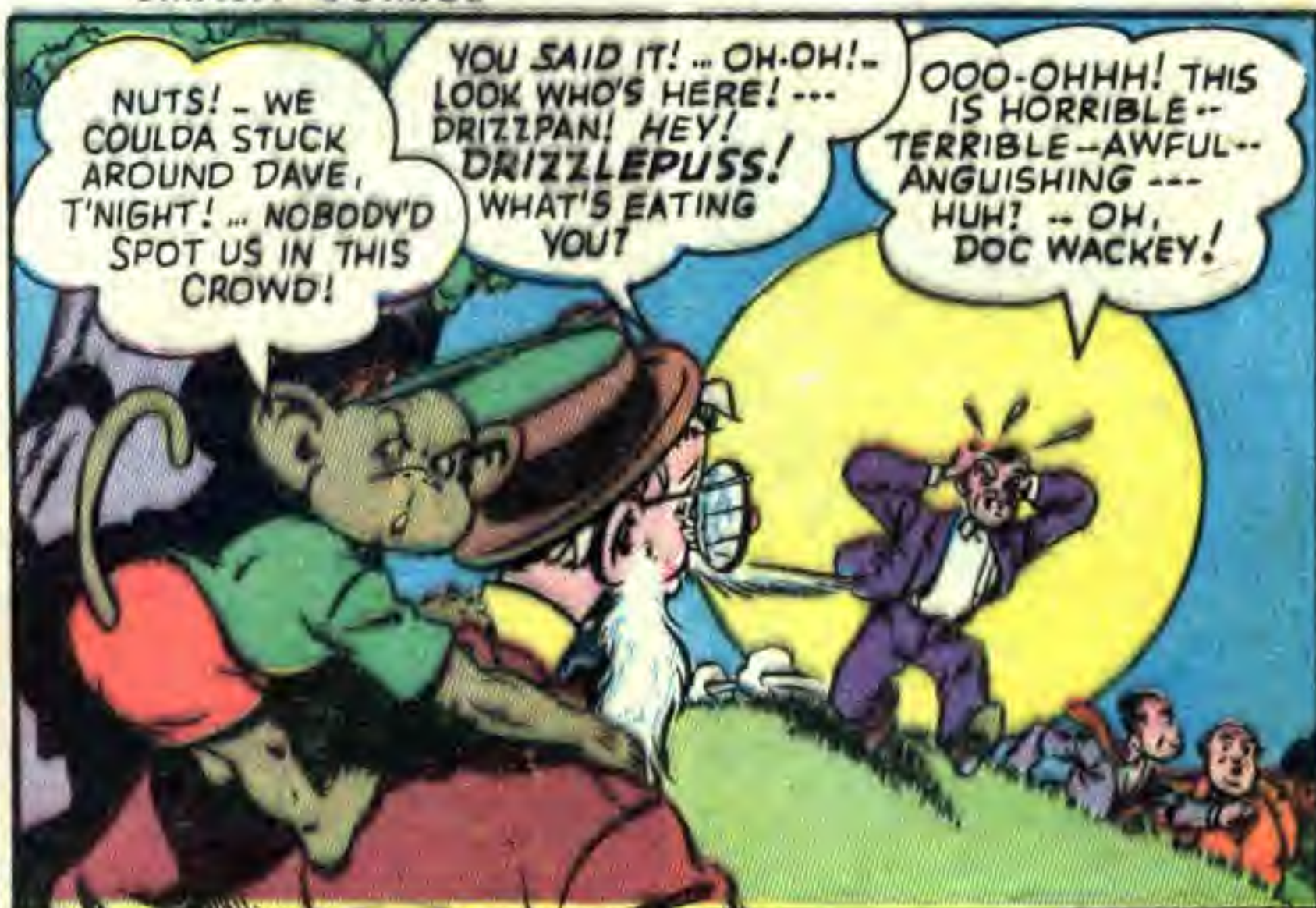
R R R U M B L E







SO FAR, THE DOOR HASN'T OPENED, NOR HAVE ANY MARTIANS APPEARED! BUT THERE ARE SOUNDS OF MOVEMENT INSIDE THE ROCKET SHIP!



NUTS! - WE COULDA STUCK AROUND DAVE, T'NIGHT! ... NOBODY'D SPOT US IN THIS CROWD!

YOU SAID IT! ... OH-OH!- LOOK WHO'S HERE! ... DRIZZPAN! HEY! DRIZZLEPUSS! WHAT'S EATING YOU?

OOO-OHHH! THIS IS HORRIBLE-- TERRIBLE--AWFUL-- ANGUISHING --- HUH? -- OH, DOC WACKY!



A THOUSAND PEOPLE ON MY PROPERTY ... HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO WORK ON MY GREAT INVENTIONS IN ELECTRICITY WITH ALL THIS CONFUSION GOING ON!

YOU--WORK?? DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH!

WAIT, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE DOOR IS OPENING! -- THEY'RE COMING OUT!



OGGLE-BOGGLE BOZUMPP YIK??

YEEOW! WHAT A MONSTROSITY! IT'S STARTING TO TALK -- GABBLING MARTIAN AT US! I HOPE IT'S FRIENDLY!

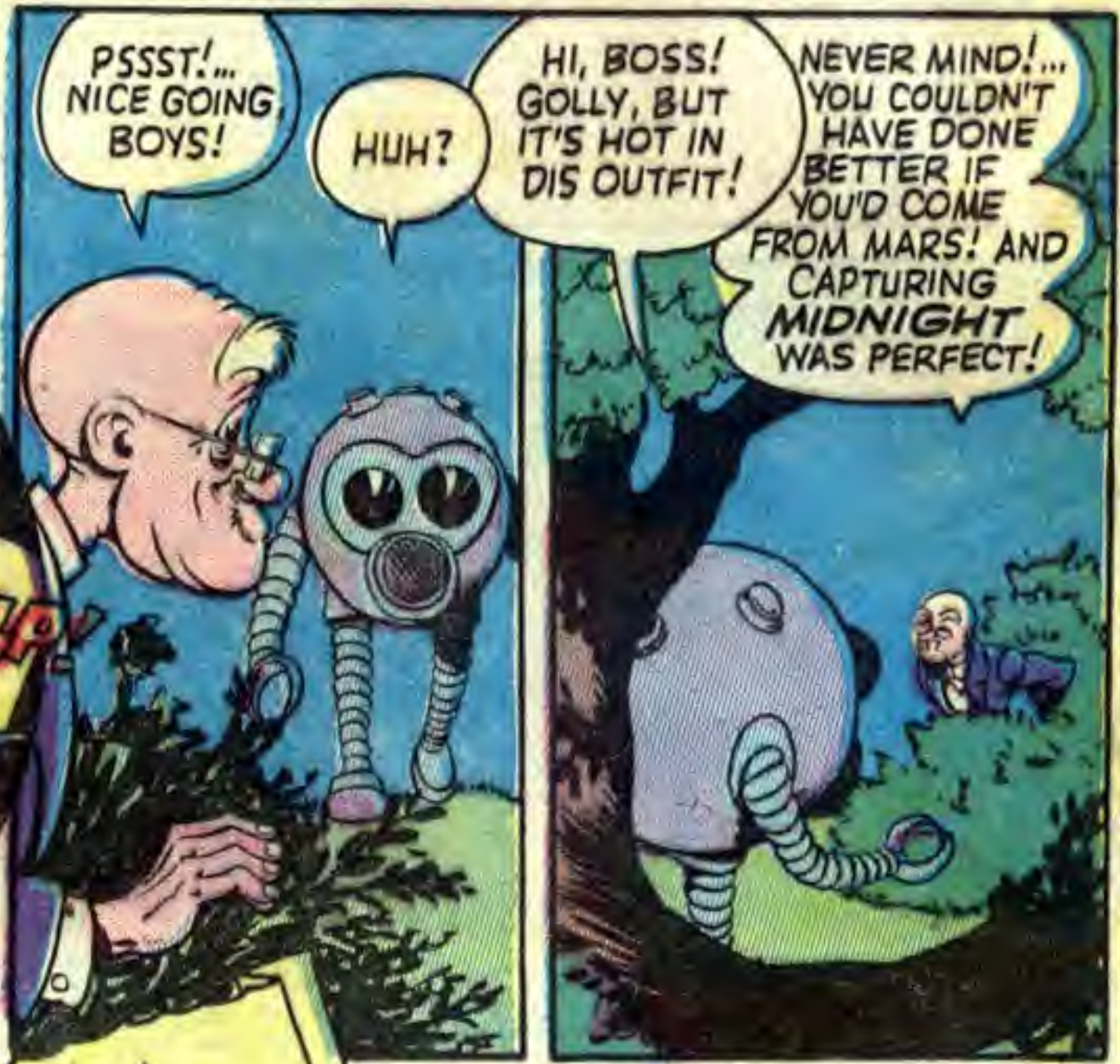


HEY!

...AND HOW I HOPE IT'S FRIENDLY! FOLKS! --IT'S HOLDING ME UP AS IF I WERE A NEW KIND OF INSECT!







MEANWHILE

IT'S AN AWFUL STRAIN-- BUT I'M GETTING IT!

HURRAY! ... IF I DON'T DO SOMETHING ABOUT THESE MARTIANS SOON, PEOPLE WILL THINK I'M A WASH-OUT!

FREE AT LAST! NOW--- HEY! MIDNIGHT!... WHATCHA LOOKING AT?

SOMETHING VERY REVEALING! I'VE ALWAYS WONDERED HOW MARTIANS WOULD LIGHT THEIR SHIPS!

LOOK! FER GOSH SAKES!

SO-O-O-O! ... A "G-E" LIGHT BULB ON A SPACE-SHIP FROM MARS!

GOLLY! ... THOSE BIG COMPANIES HAVE SALESMEN EVERY-WHERE!

THE MARTIANS ARE GONE!

BUT NOT FAR! LOOK! THEY'RE IN EASTERN ELECTRIC!... DOC! "WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT DRIZZPAN?"

AW... HE'S A CRACKPOT! ... THINKS HE'S AN INVENTOR OF ELECTRICAL STUFF ... BUT HE DEFINITELY AIN'T IN MY CLASS! ... WHY, I INVENTED ...

ELECTRICITY, EH?? LET'S GO VISIT DRIZZPAN!

♪ HMM... DI-DEE DUM DE-DEE DUM ... ACHEW!

HEY, DOC! ... I THOUGHT YOU SAID DRIZZPAN WAS AN INVENTOR OF ELECTRICAL STUFF!



I KNOW HE WAS!
JUDGING BY THE DUST
HE'S SHOVELLING OFF
HIS LABORATORY
EQUIPMENT, I'D
SAY HE HASN'T
INVENTED ANYTHING
IN TEN YEARS!

YOU SAID IT,
DOC! I'D SAY
DRIZZPAN'S
GETTING THAT
DUMP IN SHAPE
TO GO TO
WORK IN!



AND THOSE
MARTIANS ARE
RAMSHACKING THE
ELECTRIC POWER
PLANT OVER
THERE!
HMMM....



C'MON, GANG! ... IT'S
OPEN SEASON ON MARTIANS
AND I KNOW JUST WHERE
TO FIND THEM!



HEY, MIDNIGHT!
"WE CAN'T
GO IN HERE ---
GULP"

DUCK!

EXPERIMENTAL
LABORATORIES
KEEP OUT!



©☆!#*! WE AIN'T
GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE
WITH MARTIANS --NOW
IT'S NAZI SPIES, TOO!

WHY...
THOSE--
MMMM
MM--

SHUT
UP!

HOW'D YOU
KNOW THESE
MARTIANS
WERE HERE,
MIDNIGHT?



THAT'S
MY BUSINESS!
C'MON, YOU TWO...
WE'RE TAKING OVER
ONE OF THESE
MARTIAN
OUTFITS!

HOW??...
YOU SAW WHAT
THEY WERE LIKE...
MADE OF STEEL
AND STUFF!



I'M OF THE SCHOOL THAT
BELIEVES **BRAINS** WILL
OUT-DO **BRAWN**!...
LOOK! THERE'S ONE
OF THEM ALONE...
NOW, LISTEN
CLOSELY!

IN BUT A FEW MINUTES...

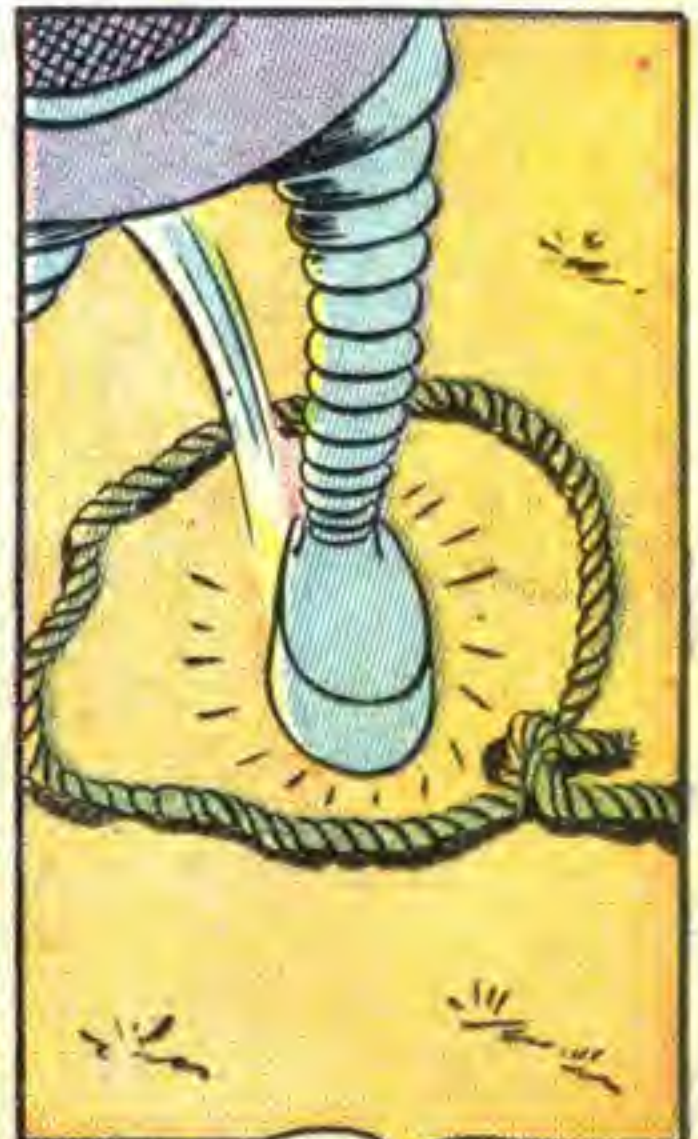


HEY, YOU!

WHY, DAT Y... ULP... I MEAN OBBLE UCKWOCK GA-HOOMP!



ATTA BOY!... YOU CHASE ME!... DOC!... GABBY!... HERE HE COMES!



OKAY, GABBY!... LET 'IM HAVE IT!!



OOOOOHH, BOY! AM I GLAD HORNETS BUILD ONLY ONE DOOR ON THEIR HOUSES!



DID YOU GET A LOOK AT HIM?

NO, GABBY!... HE WENT OUT SO FAST!



I THINK ALL THE HORNETS ARE OUT NOW!



IT'LL HAVE TO BE! HERE COME THE REST OF THESE MARTIANS... ARMS FULL OF BLUE-PRINTS!



SAY, MIDNIGHT!
...THIS IS SURELY
SOME
INVENTION!

SHHHHH!
THERE'S A
LOUDSPEAKER
HERE! ... THE
OTHERS MAY
HEAR US!

PSSSSST!...
MIDNIGHT!...
YOU'RE STEERING
THIS THING WRONG!
THE OTHERS ARE
HEADING FOR THE
SPACE SHIP AND
WE'RE HEADING
FOR DRIZZPAN'S
PLACE!

I KNOW...
BUT WE'LL
ALL MEET
IN A
COUPLE
OF
MINUTES!

HUH??
GEEHOSSIFFER!!
Y'MEAN THAT
DRIZZPAN'S
BEHIND
ALL THIS?

YEP!



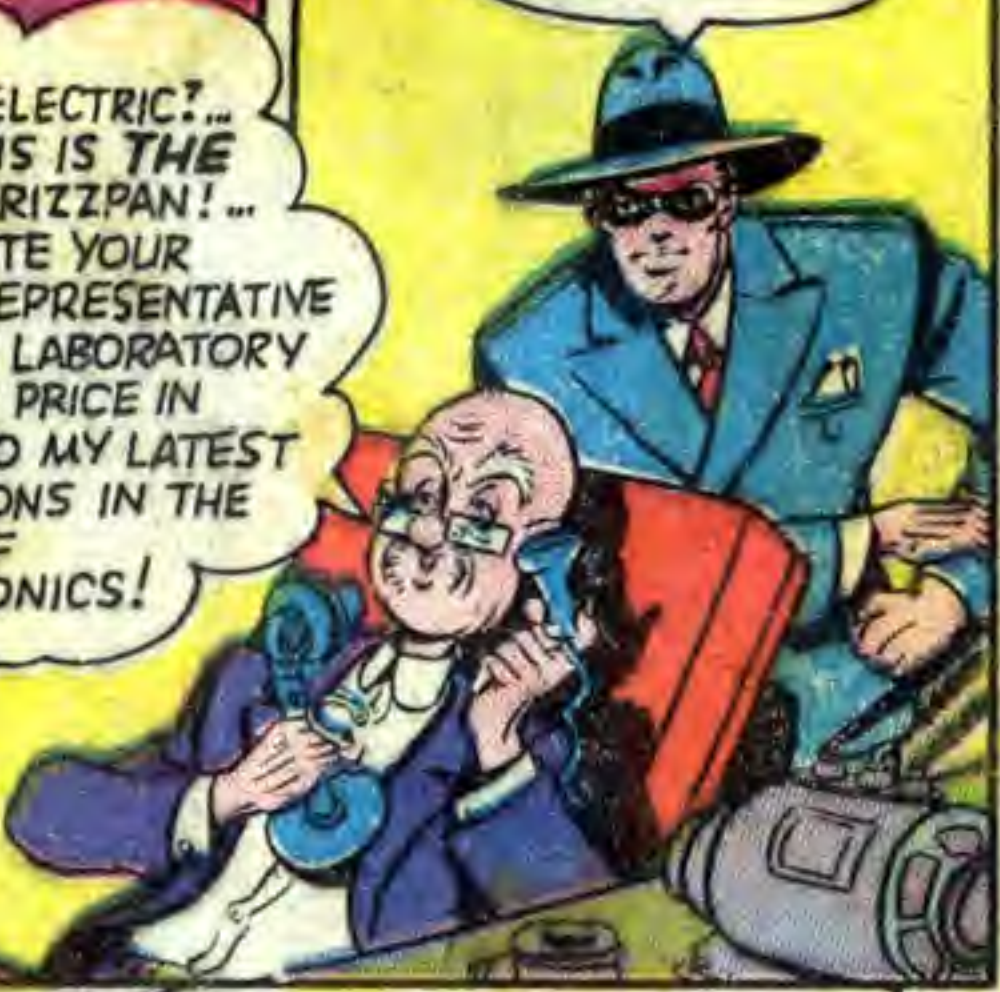
PSSST!... DRIZZPAN...
A MESSAGE FROM
MARS...



AHEM... BARLUMPF!...
YOU'RE NUTS! ...
DRIZZPAN COULDN'T
INVENT A CONTRAPTION
LIKE --- AW, GEE!
...IT'S PROBABLY
FULL OF FLAWS,
ANYWAY!

HUSH
UP, DOC!

WESTERN ELECTRIC?...
AHEM... THIS IS **THE**
PROFESSOR DRIZZPAN!...
I'D APPRECIATE YOUR
SENDING A REPRESENTATIVE
OVER TO MY LABORATORY
TO DISCUSS PRICE IN
REGARD TO MY LATEST
INVENTIONS IN THE
FIELD OF
ELECTRONICS!



I WAS TOLD
TO START YOU OFF
ON YOUR WAY BACK
AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE!



HEY,
BOSS!
...WE'RE
BACK!

OH-OH!
DOC!... GABBY!
C'MERE!

YA KIN SET OFF TH' ROCKETS
AN' BURN TH' SPACE SHIP! ... TH'
MARTIANS AN' MIDNIGHT AN'
HIS PALS IS IN IT! HA-HA! ... I
GOT TH' BOYS FILLIN' IN TH'
TUNNEL TO IT ... AN' YANKIN'
OUT TH' HOT WIRES YOU SET
UP FER DAT **BLUE RAY GUN**
SHOW WE PUT ON!





SMASH COMICS

Rookie RANKIN

MURDER STRUCK! ...
SOMEWHERE IN THE MAZES
OF THE HUGE DEPARTMENT
STORE, LURKED AN UNKNOWN
KILLER! ... AND **ROOKIE**
RANKIN'S JOB WAS TO
BRING HIM TO JUSTICE! ...



FOLLOW **ROOKIE RANKIN** ON THE MURDER TRAIL THROUGH THE
COUNTERS OF A MERCANTILE METROPOLIS, WHILE HE TACKLES
THE HIDDEN DANGERS THAT ARISE WHEN "MURDER HAS A
BARGAIN DAY"! ...





IT MAY INTEREST YOU, MR. RANKIN, TO KNOW THAT YOU GAVE A PARKING TICKET TO THE POLICE COMMISSIONER LAST NIGHT!

BUT HIS CAR WAS PARKED IN FRONT OF A FIRE PLUG, SARGE!

I DON'T CARE IF HE BIT OFF THE FIRE PLUG WITH HIS TEETH TO GET A DRINK OF WATER! HE'S STILL THE POLICE COMMISSIONER!

AND THE LAW'S STILL THE LAW!...



NO MORE OF YOUR LIP, RANKIN! THE NEXT TIME YOU GIVE A PARKING TICKET, BE SURE IT AIN'T THE COMMISSIONER!... OR I'LL GIVE YOU THE MIDNIGHT BEAT IN THE GRAVEYARD!



WHAT?! MURDER IN SKEARN'S DEPARTMENT STORE! WE'LL SEND OUT THE HOMICIDE SQUAD RIGHT AWAY!



HERE'S A CHANCE TO WATCH REAL DETECTIVES AT WORK! GET OVER TO SKEARN'S DEPARTMENT STORE -- AND STAY OUT OF THE WAY OF THE HOMICIDE BOYS! THEY KNOW THEIR BUSINESS!



YOU'RE ED SMITH, THE WINDOW DISPLAY MAN!... YOU WERE WORKING NEAR HERE WHEN THE MURDER OCCURRED!

BUT I DIDN'T DO IT!... I WOULDN'T HAVE HARMED MISS DARE FOR ANYTHING IN THE WORLD!

MAKE A NOTE THAT ED SMITH, THE WINDOW DISPLAY MAN, WAS IN LOVE WITH THE DEAD WOMAN!... MIGHT HAVE BECOME JEALOUS AND KILLED HER!

YES, SIR... IS THERE ANYTHING ELSE?





JUST STAY NEAR THE BODY AND
MAKE SURE NO EVIDENCE IS TOUCHED!
... I'VE GOT TO QUESTION
THE OTHERS!



BOY! I'D GIVE ANYTHING FOR A CHANCE
TO SOLVE THIS MURDER AND SHOW UP
THAT DETECTIVE FROM THE HOMICIDE
BUREAU! THAT'D
MAKE THE SARGE
SIT UP AND TAKE
NOTICE!



THE DETECTIVE HASN'T
SEARCHED THIS ROOM YET!
I MIGHT BE ABLE TO FIND
A CLUE WHILE HE'S
QUESTIONING THE
WITNESSES!



A GLOVE! I'LL BET
THE MURDERER DROPPED
IT! NOW I'M
GETTING
SOMEWHERE!



YOU'RE JAMES PHILPOOT!
YOU'VE BEEN PAYING A
LOT OF ATTENTION TO
MISS DARE! AS A MATTER
OF FACT, YOU HAD A DATE
WITH HER FOR TONIGHT!

DOES
THAT
PROVE
ANYTHING?



I FOUND THIS
GLOVE NEAR THE
BODY! IT PROBABLY
BELONGS TO THE
MURDERER!

LET'S
SEE
IT!



VERY INTERESTING!
TELL ME, RANKIN ... JUST
WHERE IS YOUR
GLOVE?



WHY ... I ... ER ... AH ...
... I GUESS THIS
MUST BE
MY GLOVE!











A HOTEL LOBBY IN ISTANBUL...

THEY'LL BE HERE SOON, BLACK X! I'LL POINT THEM OUT! THE REST IS UP TO YOU AND BATU!

WHAT DO WE HAVE TO KNOW ABOUT THEM?

ALL THAT WE IN BRITISH INTELLIGENCE KNOW! THEY'RE MAJOR HALKENHORST AND COL. RIDDENHOF! THEY'RE BOUND FOR TOKYO AS MILITARY LIAISON OFFICERS AND WE SUSPECT SOMETHING BIG IS BEING PLANNED THERE! WE WANT THE DETAILS!

THERE THEY ARE NOW! GOOD LUCK, BLACK X!





ARE THOSE TWO FOLLOWING US?

I CAN ANSWER THAT! WE ARE! TO YOUR ROOMS, QUIETLY!

IN THE GERMAN EMISSARIES ROOM...

WE'RE IN LUCK, BATU! THEY'RE JUST ABOUT OUR SIZE!

IT'S NOT PLEASANT WEARING THE CLOTHES OF A PIG BUT I'M WILLING TO MAKE SACRIFICES!

EVERYTHING WE NEED! PASSPORTS, IDENTIFICATION, CREDENTIALS...

WHAT DO WE DO WITH THE HELPLESS SUPERMEN?

COL. MASTERS SAID IF WE GOT THIS FAR WITH THEM, HIS MEN WOULD PUT THEM WHERE THEY COULD DO NO HARM! I'LL SIGNAL THE COLONEL THAT THEY'RE WRAPPED UP AND WAITING!

AT THE ISTANBUL AIRPORT BLACK X AND BATU BOARD A WAITING PLANE...

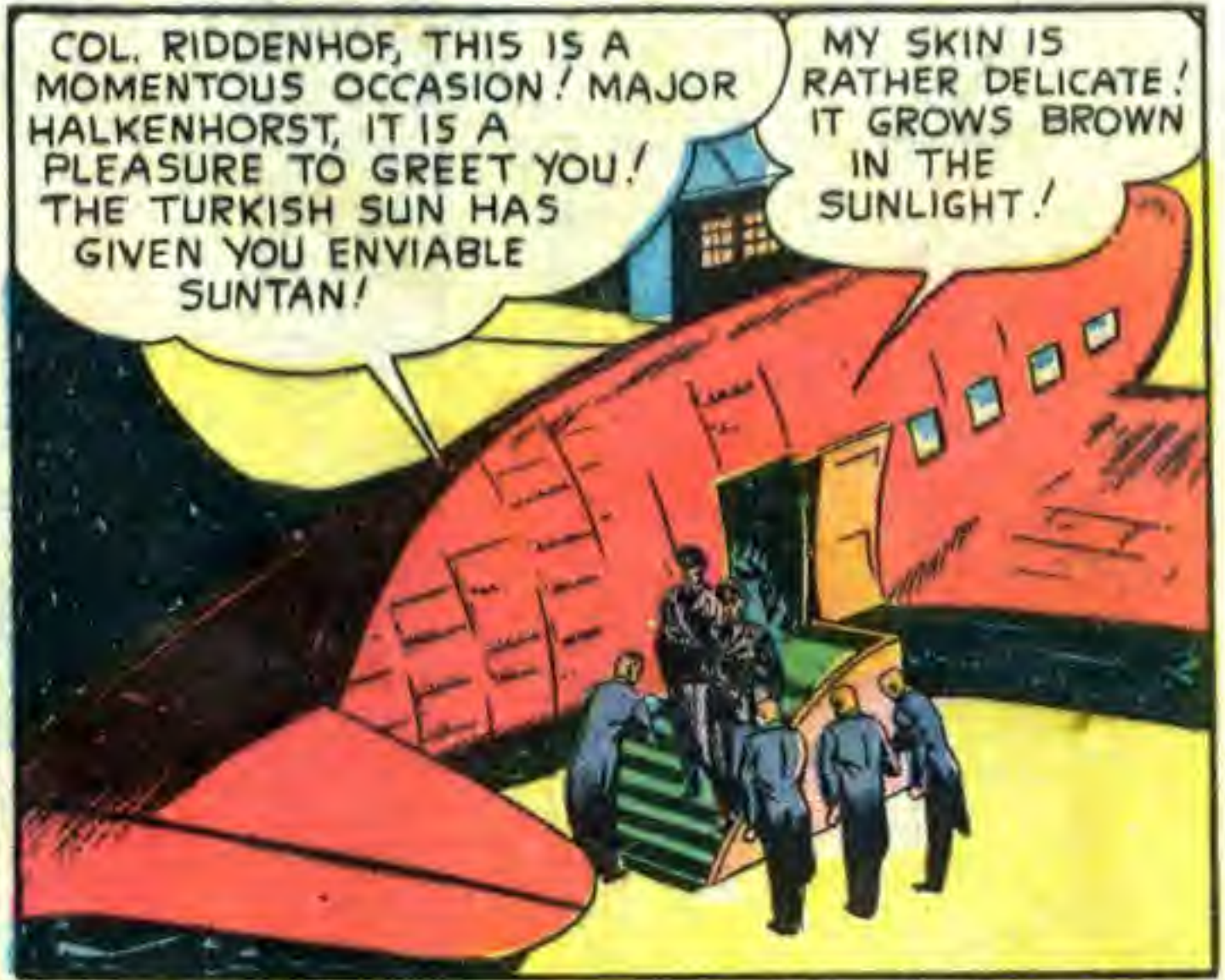
EVERYTHING IS IN GOOD ORDER, COLONEL RIDDENHOF, BON VOYAGE!

TOKYO, BATU! THINK OF IT! IT FILLS ME WITH A MIXTURE OF DISGUST AND ANTICIPATION!



COL. RIDDENHOF, THIS IS A MOMENTOUS OCCASION! MAJOR HALKENHORST, IT IS A PLEASURE TO GREET YOU! THE TURKISH SUN HAS GIVEN YOU ENVIABLE SUNTAN!

MY SKIN IS RATHER DELICATE! IT GROWS BROWN IN THE SUNLIGHT!



THE CONFERENCE IS AT THREE O'CLOCK! WE WILL LEAVE YOU AT THE HOTEL AND EXPECT YOUR HONORABLE PRESENCE AT THAT TIME! UNLESS YOU'D LIKE TO SEE OUR NEW AIRPORT FIRST!

I THINK THAT WOULD BE MUCH MORE INTERESTING!



AT THE AIRPORT...

ONE OF OUR NEWEST MITSUBISHI TWO SEATER FIGHTERS! READY TO TAKE OFF AT A MOMENT'S NOTICE! TOKYO WILL NEVER BE CAUGHT NAPPING!



AND IS NOT THIS NEW ROAD SUPERB? JAPAN IS THE LAND OF PROGRESS!

ANYBODY CAN SEE THAT!



LATER... THE CONFERENCE IS ABOUT TO BEGIN...

WE START AS SOON AS THE PREMIER ARRIVES!



I AM HERE! BE SEATED, GENTLEMEN!





ON THAT MAP, GENTLEMEN, YOU CAN SEE CLEARLY WHAT OUR NEXT MOVE WILL BE! WHEN YOU HAVE ALL SEEN IT, I SHALL EXPLAIN FURTHER!



SHALL WE ACT WHEN THE MAP REACHES US, MASTER?

WE'LL WAIT TO HEAR WHAT THE PREMIER HAS TO TELL US! IF WE STOLE THE MAP THEY WOULD SIMPLY CHANGE THEIR PLANS! THERE MUST BE SOMETHING OF GREATER VALUE TO HEAR.



THE PLANS FOR THESE OPERATIONS INVOLVE THE USE OF OUR NEW GAS ... AND SINCE **WE ALONE** HAVE THE ANTIDOTE FOR THIS GAS, THOSE WE ATTACK WILL BE QUITE **HELPLESS!**



SO THAT'S IT! THAT IS WHAT WE WILL HAVE TO GET OUR HANDS ON!



YES, GENTLEMEN, LET US PAY TRIBUTE TO OUR RENOWNED SCIENTIST, AKISAKI YAMISHURA WHO HAS GIVEN US THESE REMARKABLE FORMULAS WHICH WILL SEE US TO VICTORY!

BANZAI!



SUDDENLY, AN EXCITED MESSENGER BURSTS INTO THE ROOM...

SOMETHING'S UP! HOPE IT DOESN'T INVOLVE US!



PARDON THE INTERRUPTION, GENTLEMEN! WE WILL PROCEED NOW!



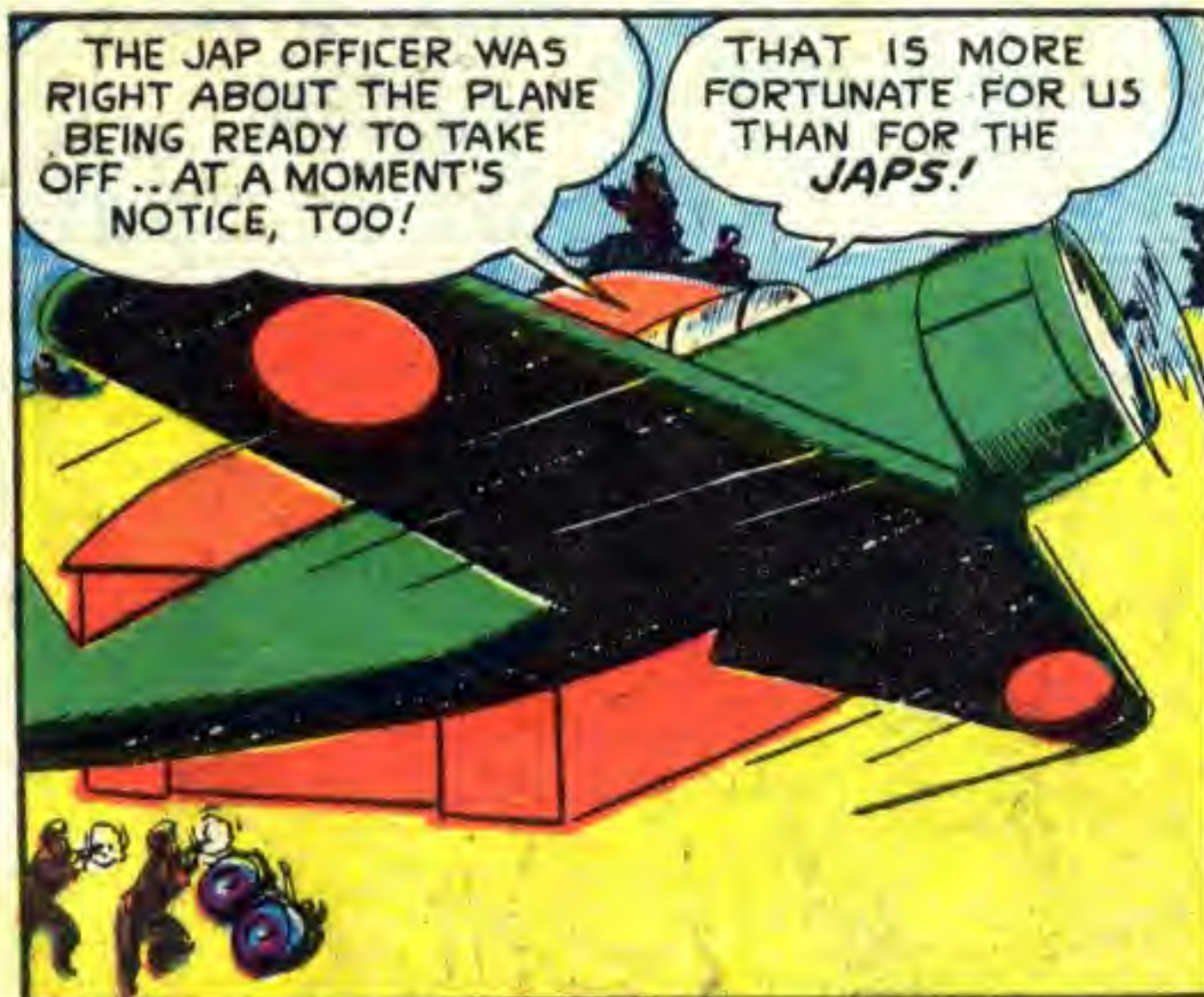
WE WILL PROCEED WITH THE **ARREST** OF TWO TREACHEROUS SPIES WHO HAVE FOUND THEIR WAY INTO OUR MIDST!

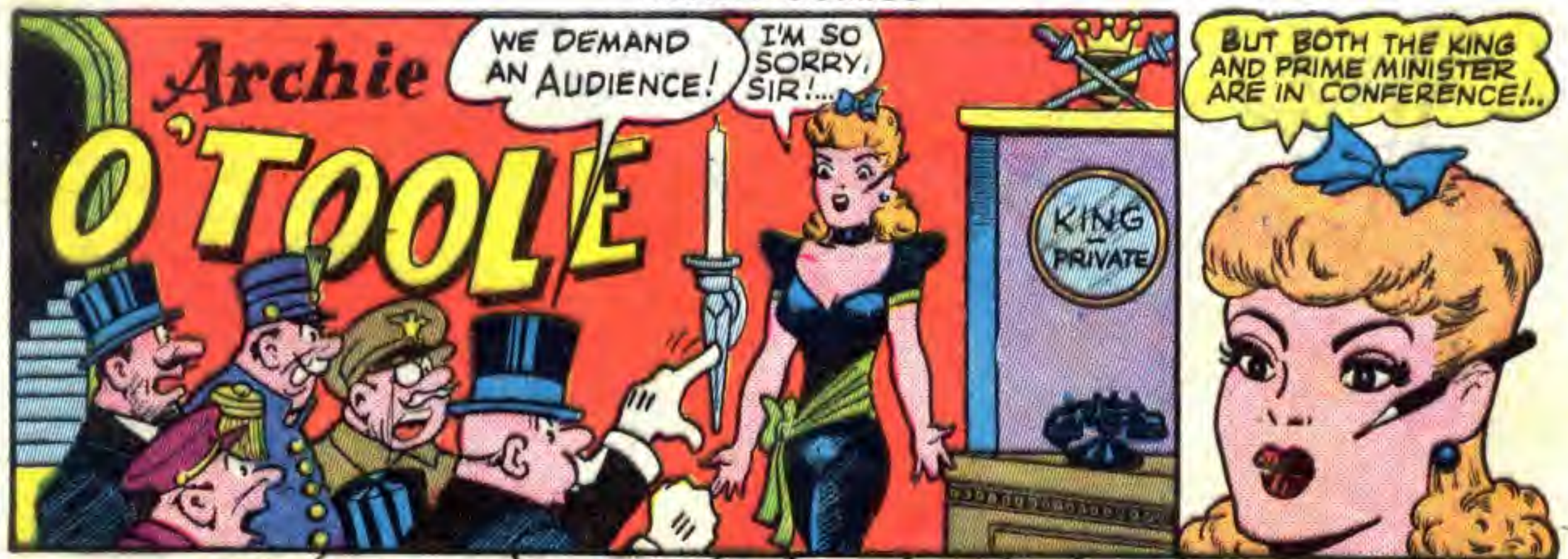
SMASH COMICS





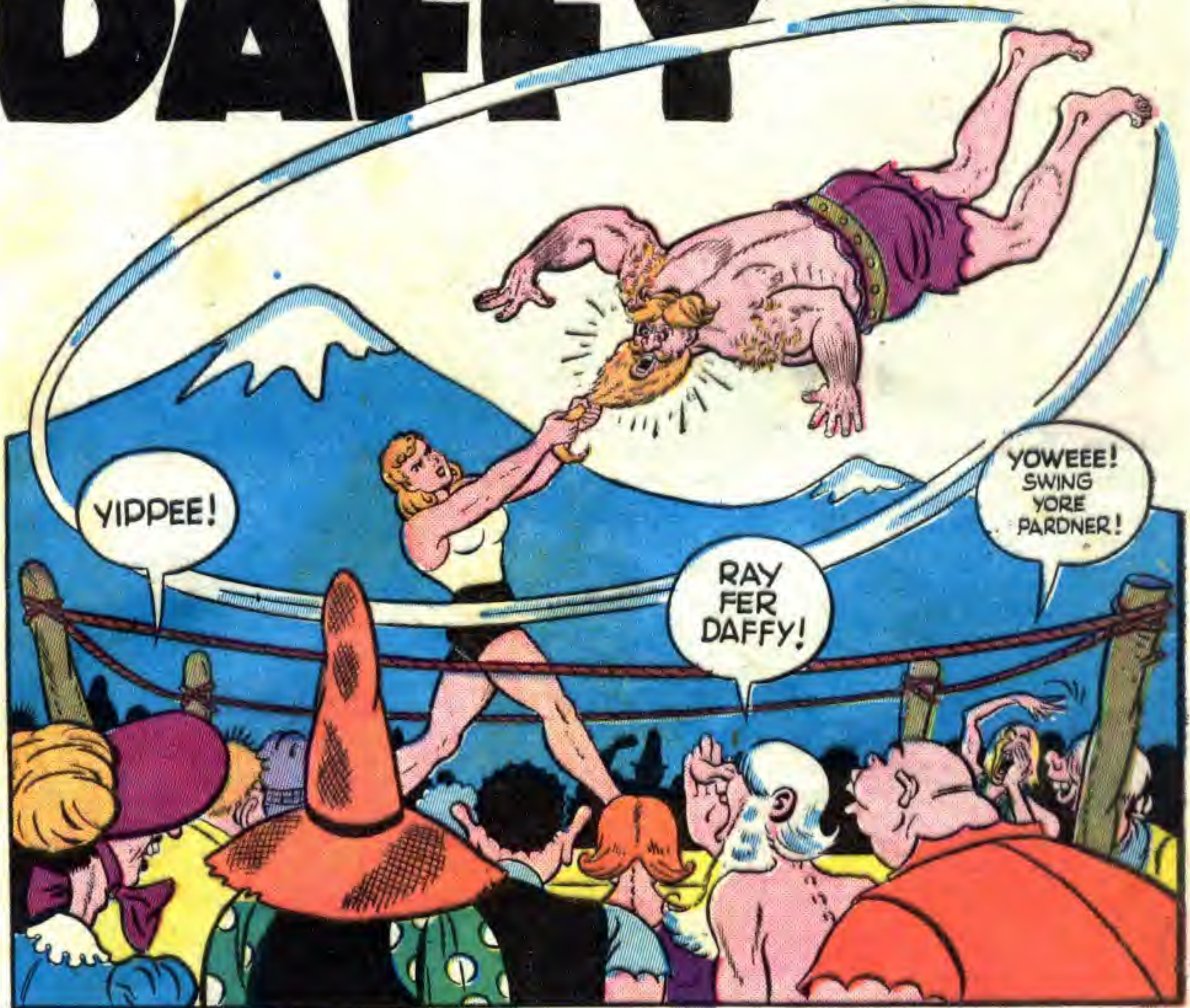






DAFFY

THE FEMALE
WRESTLER

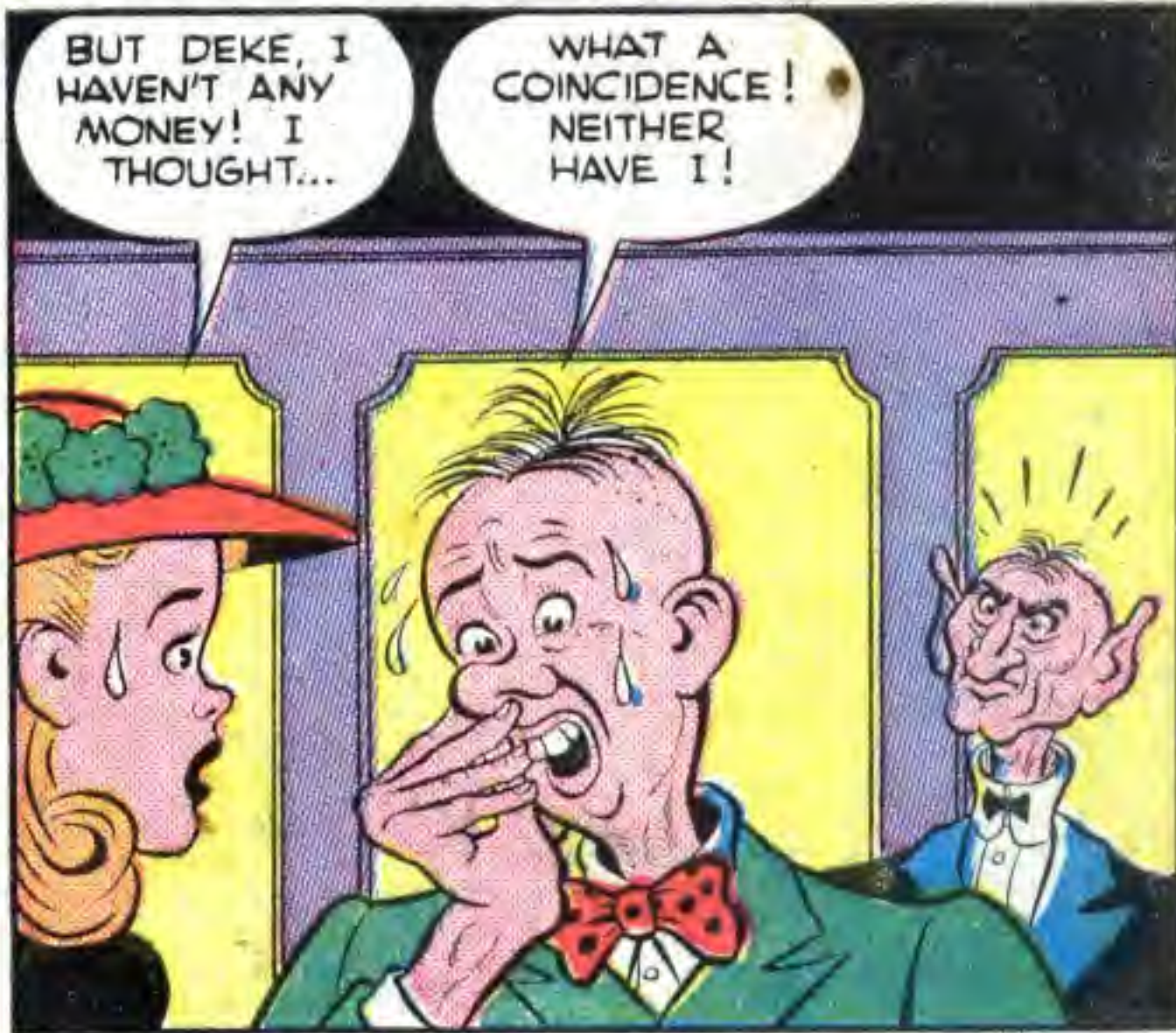


CURVES AND BUMPS AREN'T ALL OUR MUSCULAR HEROINE FROM KOOKASOW HAS... SHE ALSO HAS HER UPS AND DOWNS! AND AS IF THE WORLD DOESN'T LOOK BLACK ENOUGH, WHENEVER THE HONEST, BUT SIMPLE MUSCLE GAL GETS TAKEN OVER THE HURDLES, ALONG COMES DEKE PARSONS TO MAKE SOME SMART MONEY FOR HIMSELF AND TROUBLE FOR HIS TRUSTING LADY FAIR! WELL... THINGS WERE GOING FROM BAD TO WORSE IN THE BIG TOWN... BUT THEY HIT THE ABSOLUTE BOTTOM WHEN DAFFY TRIED THE STICKS AGAIN!

WE FIND DAFFY BROKE, HUNGRY, AND LONELY IN THE BIG CITY...









GAWSH!



KIN AH
HELP YUH?
HAW! HAW!

WHO
ARE
YOU?



MUH NAME'S EPH! AH'M FROM
DOWN ARKANSAW WAY! AH
COME TO THE BIG CITY TO
SPEND THE MONEY MUH GRAN-
MAW LEFT ME WHEN SHE DROP-
PED DAID! BUT AHM ABOUT
READY TO GO HUM, NOW!



OF COURSE YOU CAN
HELP, M'LAD! AN EX-
CELLENT IDEA!

GAWSH!



SO YOU'RE FROM
THE COUNTRY! WE
WERE JUST GOING
OUT THERE TO PUT
ON WRESTLING
EXHIBITIONS!

GAWSH! YER
FRIEND SHORE
DON'T LOOK LIKE
NO WRESTLIN'
MAN TO ME!



APPEARANCES
ARE OFTEN DE-
CEPTIVE! I HAVE
A BIV OF MUSCLE,
M' BOY!

SHUCKS, DEKE
DOESN'T WRESTLE!
HE'S JUST MY
MANAGER! I'M
THE WRESTLER!



A LADY WRESTLER!
GAWSH, I'VE ALWAYS
FIGURED SOME DAY
I'M GONNA MARRY
ME ONE OF THEM!
YORE SHORE ARE
PURTY, TOO, DAFFY!

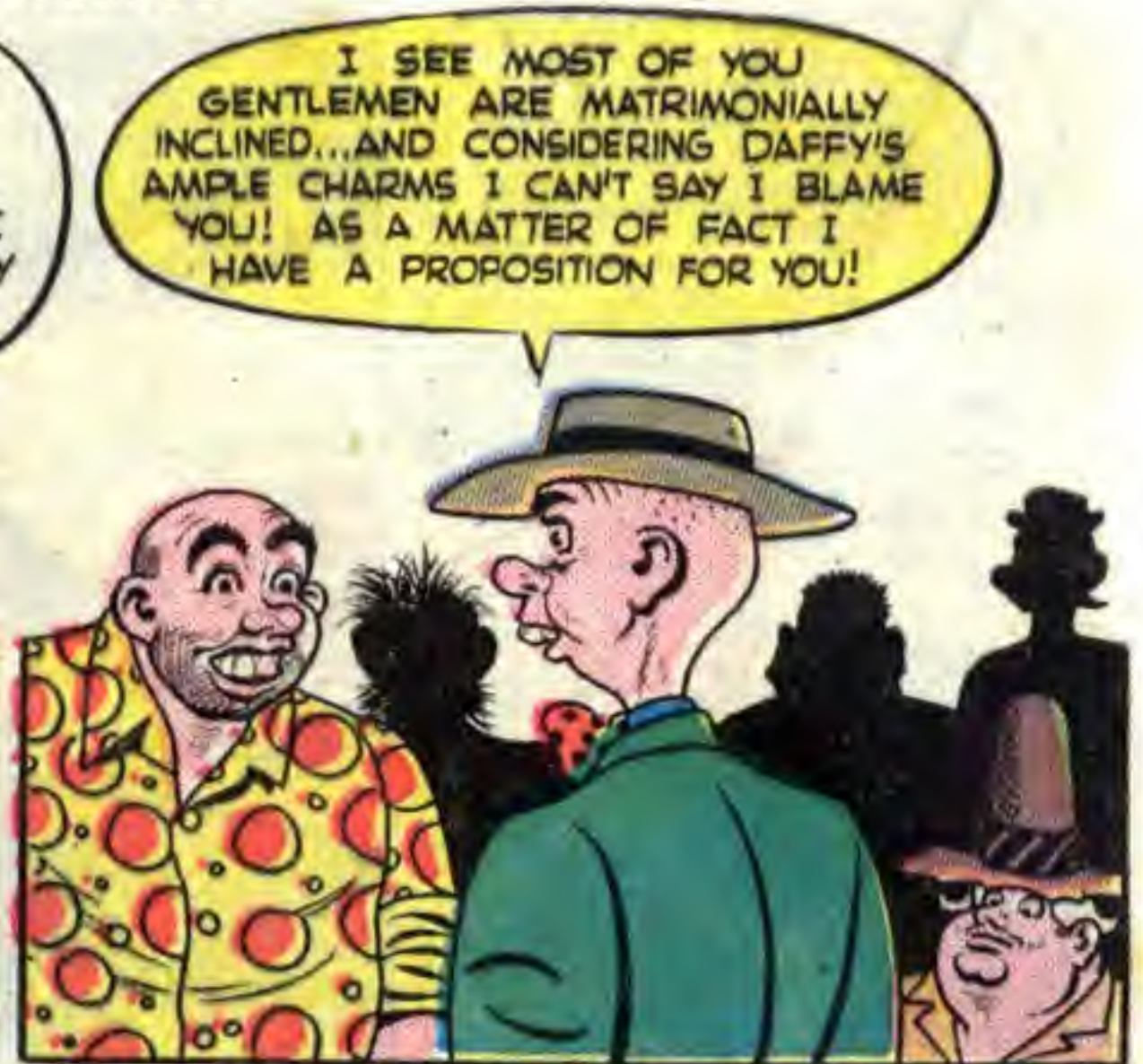
OH, GO
ON! I
THINK
YOU'RE
KINDA CUTE
YOURSELF!



YOU
DO?

HEY!..
THE
DISHES!







LADY LUCK

I'M TELLIN' YOU, BOYS.. I UNDERSTAND HUMAN NATURE.. I DIDN'T LIVE AMONG PEOPLE ALL THESE YEARS FOR NOTHIN'....

By Klaus Nordling

F'INSTANCE, THAT JUICY WORM IS A **PLANT!** SOME SMUG GUY IS ON THE OTHER END FIGURIN' ON OUT-SMARTIN' YOU...

IF YOU'RE AIMIN' TO EASE YOUR APPETITE.. JUST BITE OFF THE LOOSE ENDS...

THEN GIVE THE LINE A GOOD YANK, SEE? AND THE DOPE REELS IT IN..

NOW JUST GIVE 'IM TIME TO FUME AN' SWEAR UP THERE.. AN' PRETTY SOON DOWN COMES ANOTHER FAT HANDOUT!

"YEP.. I USED TO LIVE UP THERE, IN A GLASS TANK.. VERY LUXURIOUS, AND THE BEST PLUMBING, Y'KNOW... I HAD PLENTY O' TIME TO STUDY HUMAN BEINGS..

"HOW DO I COME TO BE DOWN HERE IN THE RIVER? WELL, IT STARTED LIKE THIS... I LIVED WITH A GUY CALLED **BIG BERNIE**. NOW, PEOPLE ALWAYS SEEM TO BE EXCITED ABOUT NOTHIN' IN PARTICULAR...

"AS WAS THE CASE WHEN TWO INDIVIDUALS (HE HAD THE RATTIEST LOOKIN' FRIENDS) DROP IN ON HIM ALL IN A LATHER..."

WE GOT IT, BERNIE!

NICE WORK.. LET'S SEE IT....



SMASH COMICS



THE MAGENTA DIAMOND! IT'S HOT NOW... BUT ONCE WE BREAK IT UP INTO BITS, WHO'LL KNOW THE DIFFERENCE?



OH, THERE MIGHT BE ONE OR TWO WHO MIGHT!



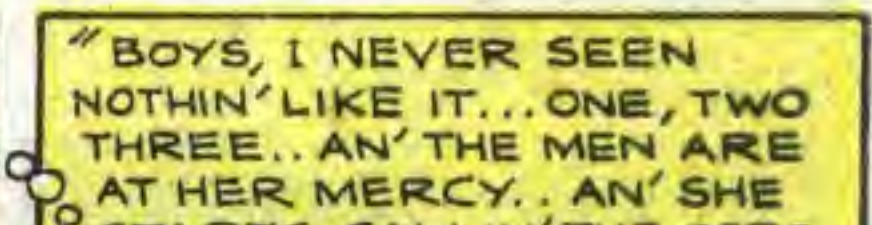
THAT WAS THE FIRST TIME ANYBODY LIKE THIS DROPS IN ON THE BOSS... BOY, I TOOK A SHINE TO HER RIGHT OFF!



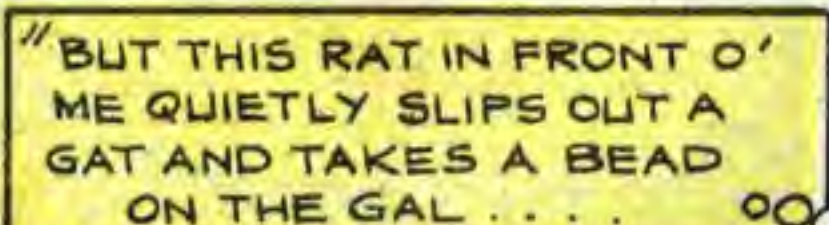
"BUT CAN YOU TIE THIS?... THOSE GUYS DON'T LIKE HER!! SOMEONE YELLS, 'SLUG HER!'"



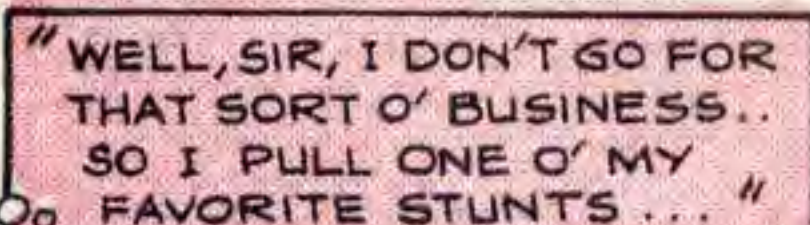
"AN' THEN THINGS START HAPPENIN'! BUT THIS LADY CAN HANDLE HERSELF!"



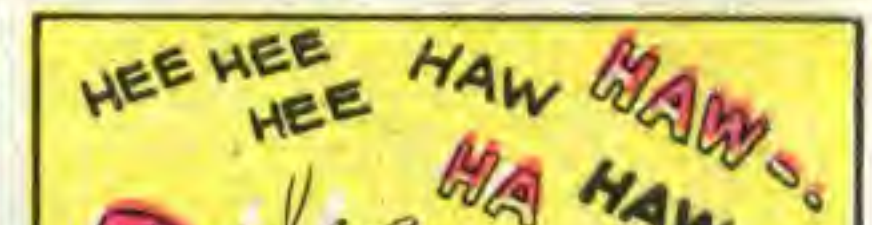
"BOYS, I NEVER SEEN NOTHIN' LIKE IT... ONE, TWO THREE... AN' THE MEN ARE AT HER MERCY... AN' SHE STARTS CALLIN' THE COPS..."



"BUT THIS RAT IN FRONT O' ME QUIETLY SLIPS OUT A GAT AND TAKES A BEAD ON THE GAL..."



"WELL, SIR, I DON'T GO FOR THAT SORT O' BUSINESS... SO I PULL ONE O' MY FAVORITE STUNTS..."



HEE HEE HEE HAW HAW HA HAWWW



SMASH COMICS

"WELL, SHE GETS CONTROL OF THE SITUATION... AND, FINALLY, BIG BERNIE PUTS ME BACK IN MY TANK... BUT I SEE A WILY LOOK IN HIS EYE..."



"YEP... IT HAPPENS AGAIN... HE SHOVES ANOTHER SPARKLIN' ROCK INTO MY CASTLE..."



"I'VE TRIED TO TELL 'IM TIME AN' AGAIN HE'S CROWDIN' ME OUT'A HOUSE AN' HOME WITH THESE SPARKLERS IN EVERY NOOK AN' CRANNY..."



"THEN THE LADY NOTICES HIS HANDS ARE WET! SMART GAL!"



I HADDA PUT MY GOLDFISH BACK, DIDN'T I?
WELL, YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO TAKE A BATH DOING IT!



"SO SHE COMES OVER TO ADMIRE MY SHINY SCALES... BOY, WAS I PROUD! I STARTED SHOWIN' OFF MY SWIMMIN' STUNTS..."



"BUT THIS DARN BIG SPARKLER WAS JAMMED IN MY FAVORITE HOLE..."



"WELL, SIR, WITH A MIGHTY POWER DIVE, I POKED THE DRATTED ROCK OUTA THERE!"



AHA! IF IT ISN'T THE MAGENTA DIAMOND IN PERSON!



SMASH COMICS



W-WELL, I'M MAKIN' SURE NO COPS ARE GONNA FIND THIS EVIDENCE HANGIN' AROUND!



NO--NO! YOU DOPE!! STOP! THAT'S---



BESIDES THAT OH!!Y!!! FISH HAS BEEN MAKIN' A MONKEY OUTA ME LONG ENOUGH!!



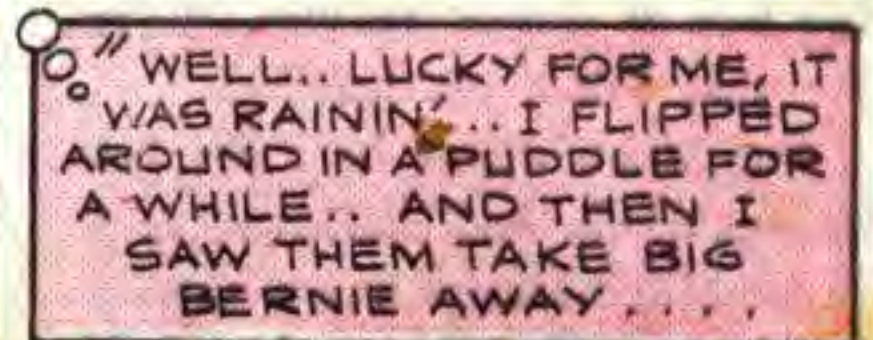
THIS IS THE PLACE, MEN! LET'S---

LOOK OUT!

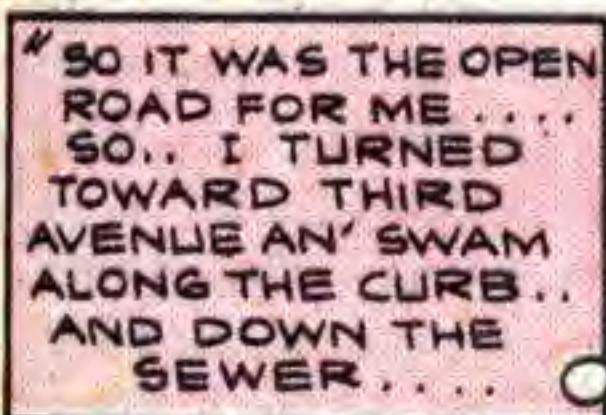


WHEW! LOOK AT THE ICE, WILL YOU?.. MUST BE A MILLION DOLLARS WORTH!

AND THE MAGENTA DIAMOND!



WELL.. LUCKY FOR ME, IT WAS RAININ'.. I FLIPPED AROUND IN A PUDDLE FOR A WHILE.. AND THEN I SAW THEM TAKE BIG BERNIE AWAY....



SO IT WAS THE OPEN ROAD FOR ME... SO.. I TURNED TOWARD THIRD AVENUE AN' SWAM ALONG THE CURB.. AND DOWN THE SEWER....



AN' HERE I AM!.. BUT, SAY, THAT GUY UP THERE'S ASLEEP! GUESS WE GOTTA BREAK UP THIS FISH-FRY...



WHEW-EW! NOW WHERE DID SHE BLOW FROM? MM, I GOTTA LOOK INTO THIS!...



WELL, TATA, BOYS.. ANY TIME YOU NEED ANY POINTERS LOOK ME UP, FELLAS... LOOK ME UP....

The CAMERA *is the* JUDGE

BLOOD dripping into his eyes, Bull Groton charged at Mitch again. Bull slashed blindly at the lighter man, but Mitch sidestepped, clipping Bull on the side of the head. The big logger swayed, groped with his hands and crashed face-downward on the floor.

"Hurray!" someone in the crowd yelled. "Yuh went an' done it, Mitch! Good fer you!"

"Yeah," another said, "the big lug had it comin' to him. We're fer yuh, Mitch me lad!"

But Mitch didn't hear the last comment. He had collapsed in a faint. Mitch Dallas was a slender youth, not much more than half Bull Groton's weight. But whatever he lacked in avoirdupois, he made up in boxing science. Bull had none, only the pile-driving force of his big fists.

Bull had resented Mitch from the first day of his arrival at Mill No. 7. He had picked several fights with the younger man and beaten him to a pulp. Mitch was an eager, honest lad and the men liked him. They hated Bull for his baiting and wished they might run him out of camp. But Bull was well entrenched in the North Star Lumber Company. As super of Mill No. 7 he had complete authority to hire and fire anybody except executives. Why he didn't boot Mitch out was evident: he loved to boot the youngster himself.

Mitch was coming to now, and Bull showed signs of awakening. Someone gave Mitch a drink of hot coffee.

"You've made a mighty bad enemy, lad," a jack told him. "Mebbe it'd be better if you beat it.

Not but I'd hate to see yuh goin', 'cause yer th' best darn topper in the hull woods!"

Mitch was that; he knew it. He shook his head. "I'm staying." He got to his feet, a bit wobbly and looked down at Bull's recumbent form. Both the big man's eyes were closed—beaten shut. His lips were cut to a pulp, and an ugly bruise showed on his temple. Mitch saw that he'd done a mighty good job. He was sore all over and one eye was closing rapidly. He wondered, without any apprehension, what Bull would do.

Bull had things planned for Mitch, all right! Not nice things. Bull never forgot. He was also patient and could bide his time. He kept out of Mitch's way, for which the latter was glad. Not that he feared the big super, but he felt that the next time they tangled it might be disastrous. Everybody knew that Bull wasn't above using a knife, or gun. He had killed two men, so said legend.

Mitch kept out of the way, too. No use looking for trouble. Mitch's job was dangerous, the most dangerous job in logging. It entailed climbing to the top of high trees and sawing off the top.

It took a guy with guts to be a topper. Mitch had what it takes and he liked his job. It gave him a thrilling sense of achievement to climb hundreds of feet in the air and saw the head off a forest giant.

A mammoth log run was scheduled for the week following the Mitch-Groton battle. Jimmy Christian, well known explorer and

crime expert, came up from California to witness the exciting event.

A log run is a thrilling drama to watch, especially for the first time. Jimmy had brought along a 16 mm. movie camera and intended to 'shoot' the event. Jimmy had seen several log runs and other logging events, but always he was intrigued by them.

It was to be a form of log-rolling rodeo, with prizes offered for the various contests. Mitch had entered several. So had Bull Groton. There were those who felt that trouble would evolve out of this event.

Trouble did.

The logs, tight-packed, were held in a mile-wide dam. When the time came for their release, several charges of dynamite did the trick. The logs started moving, with thunderous noises, and rapidly got under way in the swift river. Bull Groton bellowed orders and the men leaped nimbly over the churning logs, freeing jams. Mitch was out there doing his bit.

The first contest was a log race. Eight men were entered, including Bull and Mitch. At the half-mile point Mitch, Bull and three other men were leading. Two of these fell off; another got in a cross-current and lost way, putting Bull and Mitch in the lead. Mitch, many pounds lighter, slowly drew away.

Jimmy Christian, not to be outdone, had donned spiked shoes and was on a huge log only a few yards behind the racing pair. He had been shooting pictures of the entire event. So it was that he

SMASH COMICS

saw the whole thing. Mitch was five feet ahead of Bull when the latter stabbed out with his pike and spun Mitch's log viciously. Caught off guard, Mitch was hurled into the icy water. No one saw Bull's dirty trick except Jimmy. A cheer went up from the onlookers as Bull shot across the finish line.

Jimmy helped to pull Mitch out of the water. He said nothing at the time about Bull's treachery, but he was fully prepared to expose the big super when the time came.

The remaining events of the day went off without mishap. Bull won two more contests. Jimmy shot film of everything.

The next day, the company opened up a new timber tract several miles from camp. Nearly the entire gang of loggers moved to the new area. Mitch had plenty of work lined up; every one of the lofty evergreens had to be topped.

Jimmy had become pretty well acquainted with Mitch and had found him a cheery, likeable chap. Jimmy didn't hesitate to warn Mitch that Bull was out for his hide.

"I know," said Mitch. "I also know he spun my log yesterday. I'll get even yet."

A donkey engine, steel cables and various other equipment had been moved to the new tract and hurriedly set up. In topping a tree, it is sometimes necessary to attach a cable to the top in order to pull it a certain direction when the trunk is sawed through. The cable is drawn by a windlass fastened to the donkey engine.

Jimmy spent the next few days shooting pictures of various phases in the logging industry. And, incidentally, keeping an eye on Bull. He sensed that the big super

was cooking up some skullduggery.

Mitch was very busy, so had little opportunity to associate with Jimmy. The latter had gone aloft once and filmed the dangerous stunt of topping. He had got a big thrill when the top crashed down, causing the huge conifer to sway in an arc as if caught in a gale.

The explosives, generally used to free log jams, were stored in a shack about five hundred yards from the men's sleeping barracks. Only Bull had a key to the lock and he issued all explosives to the men whenever required.

It was slightly more than coincidence when, on the evening before Jimmy had intended leaving, a log across a stream near camp blew up. It *happened* that Mitch was walking across the log at about the middle when the explosion came, hurling him into the cold water.

Mitch received only minor bruises and a ducking, but it was a miracle that he had not been blown to bits; the log was blasted to shreds. Had he been nearer one end, it would have been curtains for the North Star's best topper.

Suspicion naturally pointed to Bull, but there was no proof of his guilt, and Mitch wisely said nothing to incriminate him. There was no question in anyone's mind, however, that Bull Groton had tried to murder Mitch.

But Bull was inexorable.

Early the next morning, Mitch was far aloft topping a big fir. Jimmy, intrigued by the number of deer in the woods, had gone afield to shoot some movies. At about nine o'clock, he heard a commotion in the bushes and discovered two deer fighting, their antlers lowered in the unique manner deer have of battling each other. He shot pictures of the fas-

cinating contest, and was about to frighten the deer off when he saw, about fifty feet away, a man skulking along a deer trail. It was Bull, and he carried a bow and arrow. He didn't see Jimmy as he was peering straight ahead and slightly upward. But Jimmy followed him.

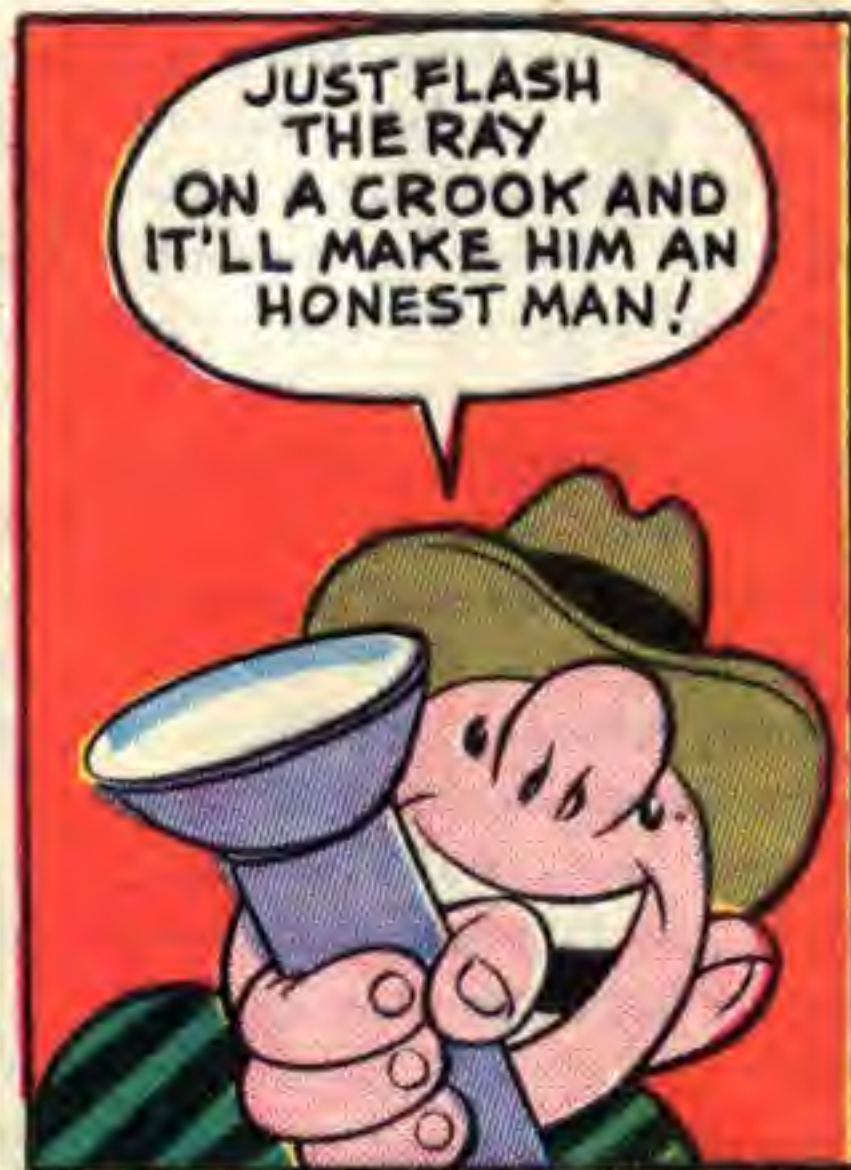
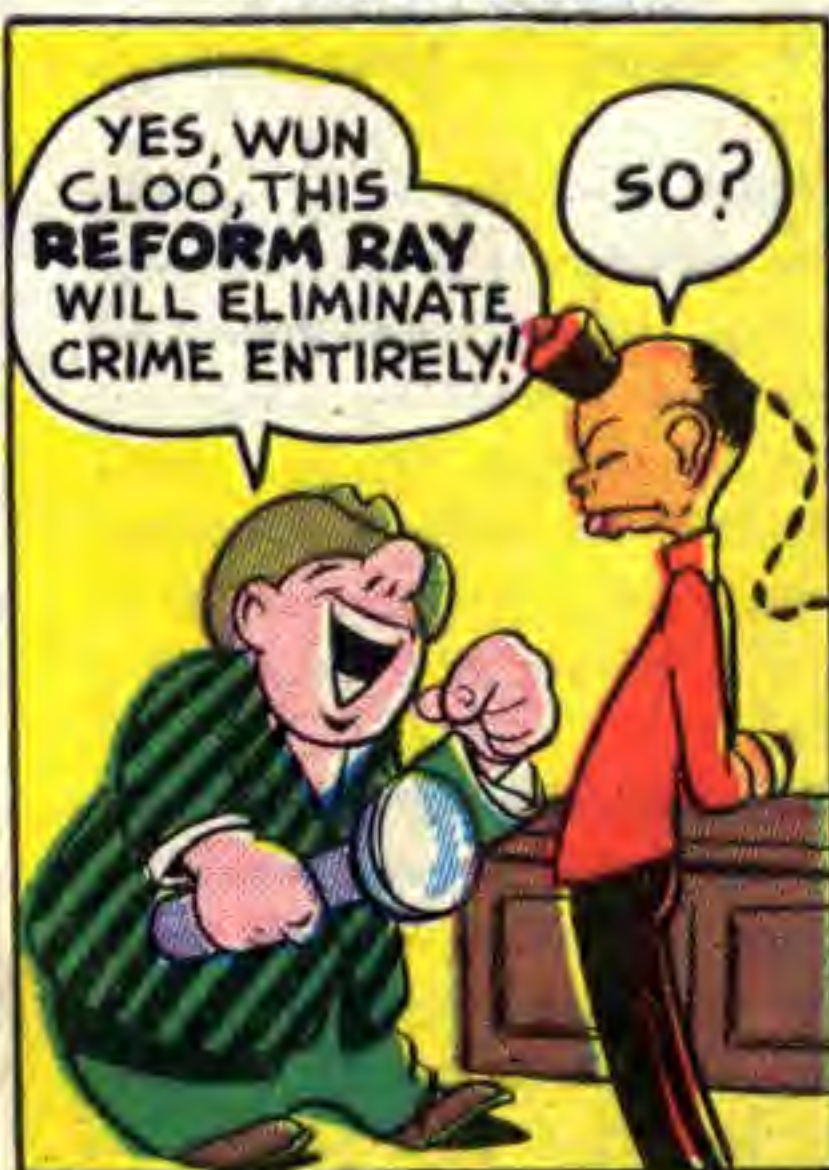
Bull stopped and fitted an arrow to his bow. Then drawing back, he let go. The shaft shot upward at a fifty-degree angle. Jimmy kept his camera trained on the bowman. Bull's arrow disappeared in the top of a tree which Mitch was working on, sawing off its top.

Bull waited, and Jimmy could see a wolfish gleam in the man's small eyes when he turned his head once. Then, when the top began to bend outward, and loud cracks resounded through the woods, Bull began pulling on a tiny steel line which Jimmy hadn't seen before.

It suddenly struck Jimmy that Bull was doing something very strange. He stopped the camera and shouted, dashing toward the tree where Mitch clung. But already the huge top was crashing down. Mitch's scream shattered the air, and then the top crashed earthward, carrying him with it. The top had fallen in the direction Bull had pulled.

They found Mitch dead under the top later. They also found the arrow and attached to it a thin steel cable. But, although they could plainly see what had happened, they could not prove Bull's guilt. Not until Jimmy showed his movies, a few days later, in a Portland court room.

Bull Groton was convicted of murder and sentenced to life imprisonment. And all because of a small movie camera, and the tenacity of Jimmy Christian.



THE MARKSMAN

EVER SINCE THE HORDES OF BARBARIC NAZIS SWARMED OVER THE POLISH FRONTIER AND GROUND UNDER THAT UNHAPPY LAND WITH THEIR BRUTAL GESTAPO, THESE GOOSESTEPPING CONQUERORS HAVE BEEN PLAGUED BY THE ACTIVITIES OF THE MARKSMAN WHO DEFIES ALL THEIR RIGID RULES AND HOLDS HIGH THE LIGHT OF HOPE FOR HIS DOWNTRODDEN COUNTRYMEN.

THE MARKSMAN EVEN ENTERS THE RANKS OF THE ENEMY DISGUISED AS MAJOR HURTZ AND WITH HIS FAITHFUL SERVANT VORKA SUCCESSFULLY EVADES ALL NAZI ATTEMPTS TO TRAP HIM...UNTIL FRAULEIN HALUNKE, THE CLEVER GERMAN AMAZON, GETS ON HIS TRAIL AND THINGS START POPPING...



BY FRED
SARGENT

IN HITLERITE GERMANY A SECRET CONFERENCE TAKES PLACE BEHIND CLOSED DOORS...

AS LONG AS SCHLAGEN IS TO BE LIQUIDATED I PROPOSE WE USE HIM TO LURE THE MARKSMAN INTO A TRAP. I HAVE A PLAN BY WHICH WE MAY CATCH THE POLISH PIG AND AT THE SAME TIME ELIMINATE SCHLAGEN! I WILL NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF FRAULEIN HALUNKE!

HERR SCHLAGEN, THE PROTECTOR OF POLAND, HAS AGAIN FAILED TO CAPTURE THE MARKSMAN. I SUGGEST HE BE SENT TO THE RUSSIAN FRONT.

FRAULEIN HALUNKE, THE WOMAN ATHLETE? HMM... CALL HER IN!

NEED THE ASSISTANCE OF FRAULEIN HALUNKE!



LATER...IN MAJOR HURTZ'S OFFICE IN POLAND.

MASTER...I MEAN MAJOR HURTZ...THE GESTAPO IS BRINGING A PEASANT GIRL IN FROM THE COUNTRY TO BE SCHLAGEN'S SLAVE!

GOOD WORK, VORKA! AS THE MARKSMAN I'LL DO MY BEST TO SAVE HER FROM A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!

FRAULEIN HALUNKE, WE HAVE A MISSION FOR YOU TO PERFORM IN POLAND. YOU ARE TO CATCH THE MARKSMAN. THIS IS THE PLAN...BZZ...BZZ...

GOOD! GOOD! AND I CAN SPEAK POLISH!



AND TO THINK THAT THIS USED TO BE MY CASTLE BEFORE THE WAR...AT ANY RATE I KNOW ALL THE SECRET PASSAGES..THIS IS THE WAY TO SCHLAGEN'S PRIVATE SUITE.









THAT TAKES CARE OF HIM! NOW TO FIND WHO THE MARKSMAN IS!



HIS PAPER'S... HE... HE'S MAJOR HURTZ NO LESS? WAIT TILL HITLER HEARS THIS!



HERE'S YOUR GLASS OF - HUH?

GREETINGS, MAJOR HURTZ! SO THE SECRET'S OUT AT LAST! HA... HA! YOU ARE GOING TO DIE A THOUSAND HORRIBLE DEATHS!



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK I WON'T HAND YOU OVER TO THE UNDERGROUND? WE ALSO KNOW HOW TO DEAL WITH SPIES!

HEIL HITLER!



WHO-



THUD



FRAULEIN HALUNKE APPROACHES THE NAZI MILITARY POST.



SO THAT'S WHAT
THE SHOOTING WAS
ABOUT! MY SECRET IS
STILL SAFE THANKS
TO THEIR RIGID
CURFEW LAWS AND
THE NAZI DESIRE TO
SHOOT SOMEONE,
EVEN A WOMAN...
FOR ONCE THEIR
BRUTALITY HAS
BACKFIRED ON
THEM!

VORKA, YOU AND I ARE
STILL DOING BUSINESS,
BUT THAT FRAULEIN
HALUNKE NEARLY WAS
OUR UNDOING!

YES, MASTER!
WE MUST NEVER
LET THE NAZIS
TRICK US THAT
WAY AGAIN!



READ THE THRILLING
STORIES OF THE POLISH UNDERGROUND WITH THE
THE MARKSMAN IN **SMASH COMICS**



The JESTER

NEVER FORGET,
QUINOPOLIS ... THERE ARE
MANY SORTS AND SPECIES
OF PUBLIC ENEMIES, BUT
THEIR SKULLS ALL
SOUND THE SAME
WHEN YOU
SMACK
THEM!



**ANOTHER
STRIKING JOKE
OF THE JESTER!...**

Serious enough when he's **CHUCK LANE**, the young policeman, he becomes a **LAUGHING LARRUPER OF THE LAWLESS** when he dons the motley garb of the **JESTER!** ... Join in his jesting with that sinister stuffed-shirt office-seeker, **J. J. PILBEAM** in this tale of "**RIBBING RACKETEERS**!"

**THE POLICE COMMISSIONER HAS
TWO IMPORTANT CALLERS ...**

YOU KNOW, COMMISSIONER, THAT **MR. PILBEAM** HERE IS RUNNING FOR **GOVERNOR!** HE'S GOING TO HOLD A RALLY ON THE **WEST SIDE**, THE **HOODLUM BELT**, RULED BY **GIBB GREINER!** AND WE WANT **POLICE PROTECTION!**

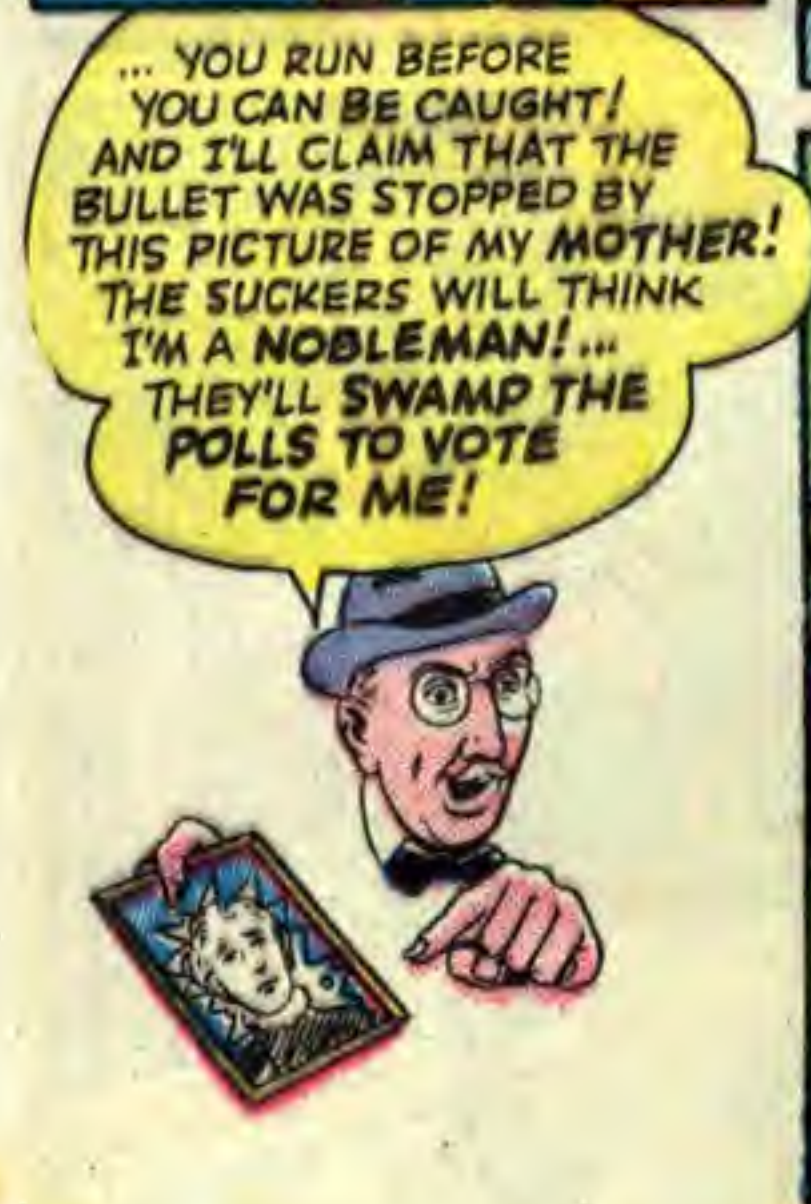
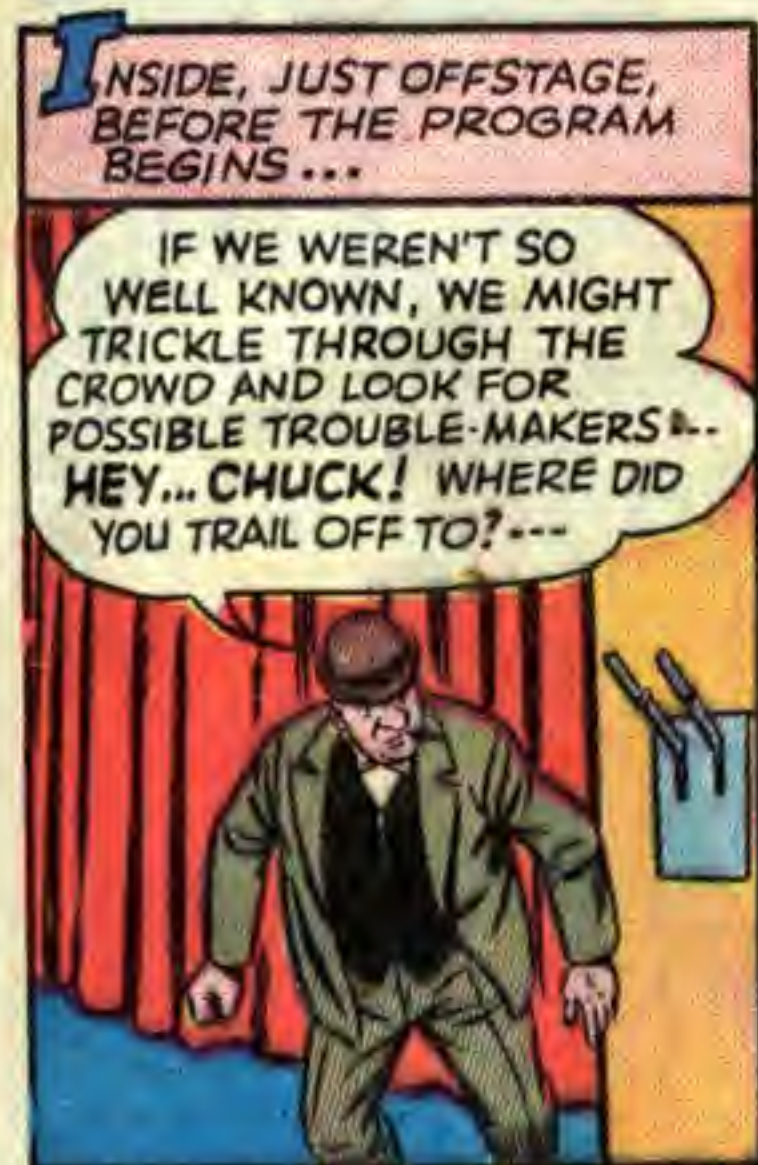
YOU THINK
THERE'S DANGER?
... THAT'S
FUNNY
TO ME!

WHEN I'M GOVERNOR,
YOU'LL REGRET THAT MY
DANGER SEEMED "FUNNY,"
SIR! I HAVE A **RIGHT**
TO DEMAND PROPER
POLICE
COOPERATION!

VERY WELL,
SIR! ... I'LL
COOPERATE!

DETECTIVE MCGINTY!
PATROLMAN LANE! ...
YOU'RE ASSIGNED TO
SIT ON THE
PLATFORM AT **MR.**
PILBEAM'S RALLY
TONIGHT!







AS CAMPAIGN MANAGER FOR ONE WHO SEEKS TO BRING GOOD GOVERNMENT TO THE STATE, I TAKE PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING THAT GREAT AND ADMIRABLE CITIZEN... J.J. PILBEAM!

THANK YOU, FELLOW CITIZENS! I SHALL WASTE NO TIME IN SAYING THAT I SEEK OFFICE ONLY IN ORDER TO BRING THE TRUE REWARDS OF PROSPERITY, LAW AND ORDER



IT'S ALL RIGHT, MCGINTY... I FEEL A LITTLE SICK ... FOR SOME REASON...

MY BATTLE CRY SHALL BE... DOWN WITH ORGANIZED CRIME!...



ARE YOU HURT BAD?

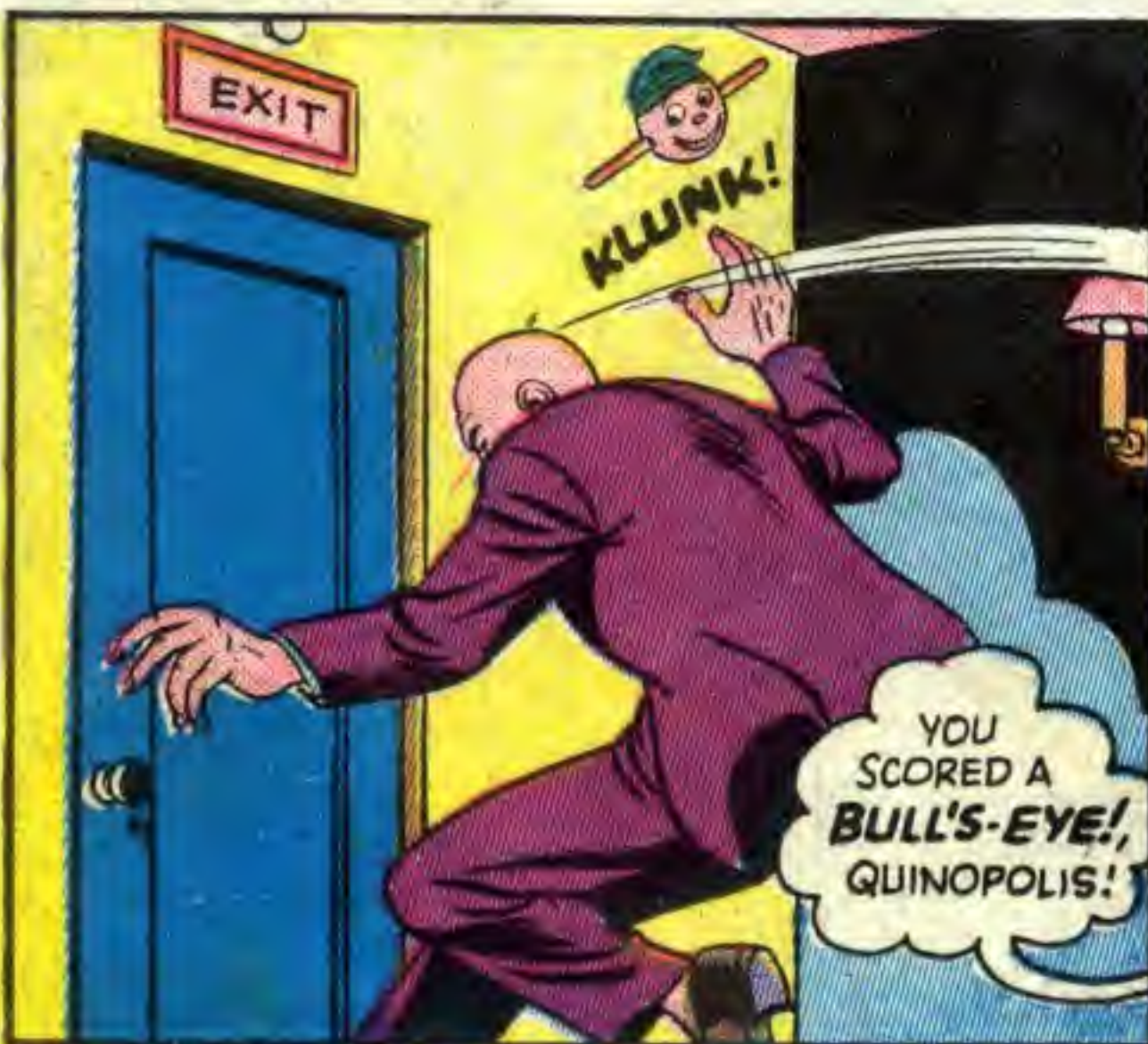
I DON'T THINK SO!...

STOP THAT GUY!... HE TRIED TO SHOOT MR. PILBEAM! STOP 'IM!



THE BULLET WAS STOPPED BY MY DEAR MOTHER'S PICTURE --- A VERITABLE MIRACLE!--

HEY! THERE'S THE JESTER!



YOU SCORED A BULL'S-EYE! QUINOPOLIS!



NOW IT'S SWINGTIME!



I KNOW THIS GUN IS HARMLESS, BUT I WANT IT FOR EVIDENCE!



BACK TO YOUR SEATS! ... THAT'S THE JESTER!

HE CAUGHT THE KILLER!



LOOK, MY FRIENDS! ... MY MOTHER'S PICTURE CAUGHT THE BULLET THAT WAS AIMED AT MY HEART! I'VE BEEN SPARED TO CONTINUE MY GREAT FIGHT FOR ---

VERY ELOQUENT, MR. PILBEAM! BUT LET ME TELL THE REAL STORY!



THE BULLET LODGED IN THIS PICTURE IS A .32 CALIBER SLUG! ... AND THE GUN THAT GREINER USED WAS A .45! BESIDES WHICH ...



HE HAD ONLY BLANK CARTRIDGES! IT WAS ALL STAGED TO FOOL YOU VOTERS! ... PILBEAM IS REALLY A RACKET PARTNER!

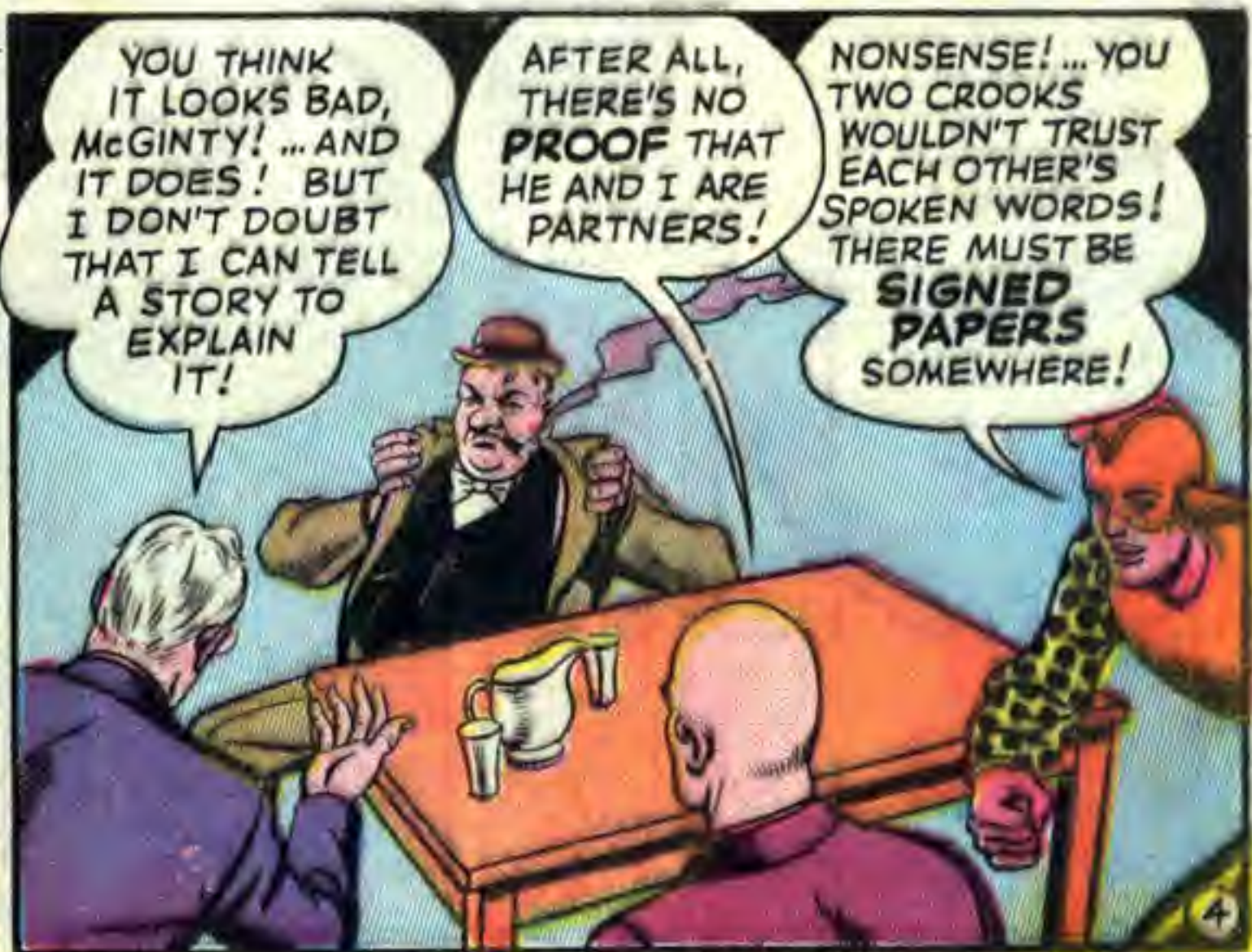


BOO! ... LET'S TAR AND FEATHER THAT BIG PHONEY!



TAKE IT EASY, FRIENDS! ... LET ME HANDLE THIS! IT'S STILL GOOD FOR A LAUGH OR TWO!

SURE JESTER! ... TAKE OVER!

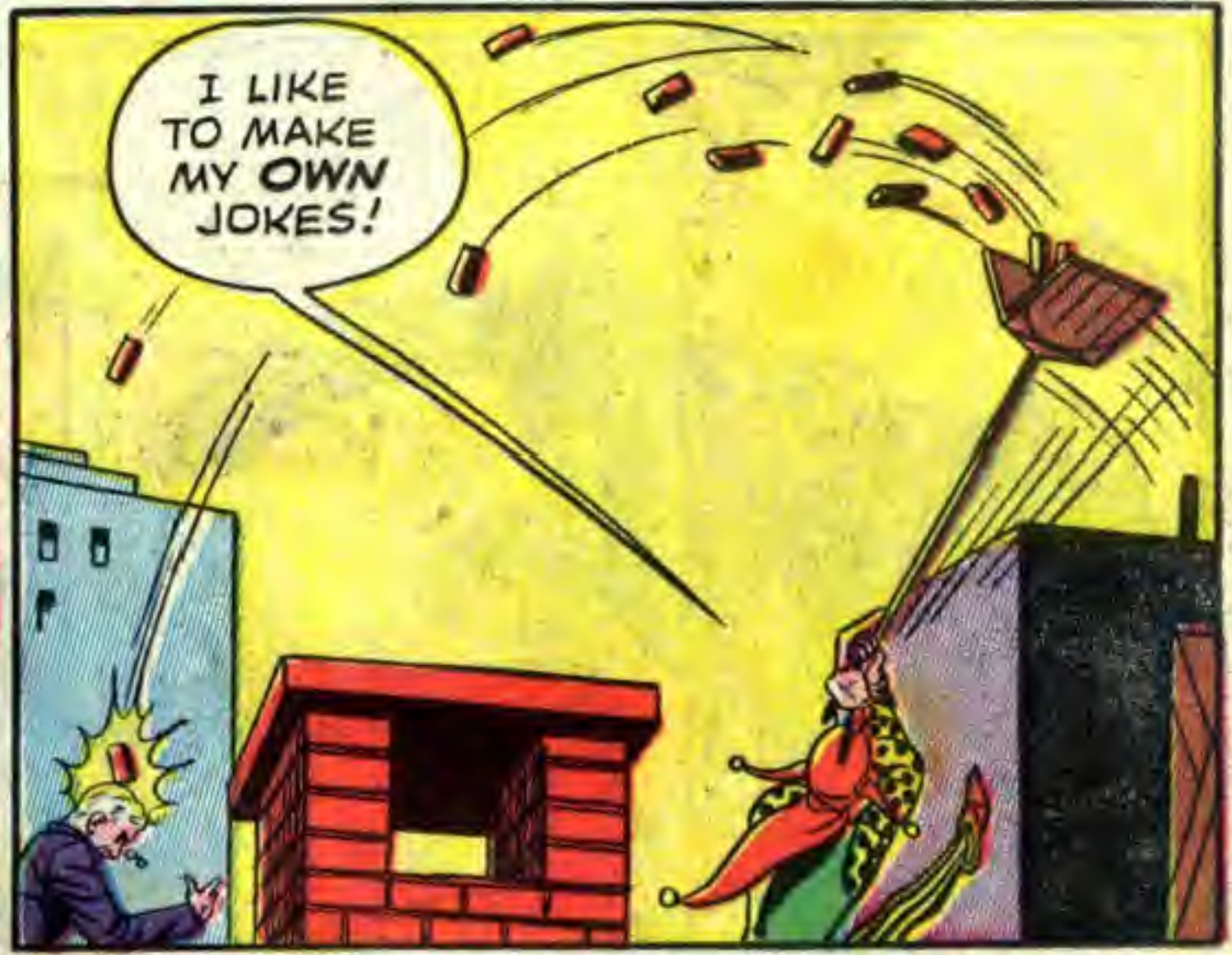


YOU THINK IT LOOKS BAD, MCGINTY! ... AND IT DOES! BUT I DON'T DOUBT THAT I CAN TELL A STORY TO EXPLAIN IT!

AFTER ALL, THERE'S NO PROOF THAT HE AND I ARE PARTNERS!

NONSENSE! ... YOU TWO CROOKS WOULDN'T TRUST EACH OTHER'S SPOKEN WORDS! THERE MUST BE SIGNED PAPERS SOMEWHERE!







WONDERFUL INVENTION, THE WHEEL-BARROW! ...TEACHES PEOPLE TO WALK ON THEIR HIND LEGS! BUT PILBEAM LOOKS AS IF HE'S THROUGH WALKING ...



--SO MAYBE HE'D LIKE A LITTLE RIDE!



SURE ... I HAD PAPERS TO PROVE THE GANG TIE-UP, MCGINTY! ... ONLY YOU WON'T LIVE TO TELL ANYBODY! I'LL PLUG YOU AND HANG THE KILLING SOMEWHERE ELSE ---



JUST IN TIME, MCGINTY!



GOT THE EVIDENCE? AND THE PRISONERS? GOOD! YOU DON'T NEED ME ANY MORE!



QUICKLY, THE JESTER CHANGES BACK INTO UNIFORM AS CHUCK LANE! ...

WHERE YOU BEEN, CHUCK? ... I JUST BROKE OPEN A BIG SCANDAL -- TIE-UP BETWEEN THE GREINER GANG AND PILBEAM --- WITH A LITTLE HELP FROM THE JESTER!



CHUCK, THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT YOU THAT REMINDS ME OF THE JESTER!

TELL HIM THAT! HE'S SO HAPPY-NATURED THAT HE'LL LAUGH AT THE SILLIEST OF JOKES!

JAIL FOR CROOKS MAKES A CHUCKLE FOR THE JESTER! ... FOLLOW HIS CAREER OF FUN AND FIST-FIGHTING IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF SMASH COMICS!!

YES- RADIO MEN
ARE MAKING GOOD MONEY
NOW AND HAVE A BRIGHT
FUTURE. I'M GOING
TO START LEARNING
RADIO RIGHT NOW!



NO- NOT ME.
I'M NOT GOING TO WASTE
MY TIME. SUCCESS IS
JUST A MATTER OF
LUCK AND I WASN'T
BORN LUCKY.

BILL SAID
"YES"
HE'S MAKING
GOOD MONEY
IN RADIO
NOW



THE N.R.I. COURSE IS
PRACTICAL. I'M MAKING
\$5 TO \$10 A WEEK FIXING
RADIOS IN SPARE
TIME WHILE
LEARNING

YOU CERTAINLY
KNOW RADIO.
MINE NEVER
SOUNDED
BETTER..



I'M A FULL TIME
RADIO TECHNICIAN
NOW. N.R.I. HELPS
A FELLOW JUMP
HIS PAY

THANKS

BILL, I'M
SO PROUD OF
YOU. YOU'VE
WON SUCCESS
SO FAST
IN RADIO



YES! I'M MAKING
GOOD MONEY
THANKS TO N.R.I.
AND WE HAVE A
BRIGHT FUTURE

TOM SAID
"NO"
HE'S STILL
WAITING
FOR LUCK



BILL'S A SAP TO WASTE
HIS TIME STUDYING
RADIO AT HOME



SAME OLD GRIND --
SAME SKINNY PAY
ENVELOPE -- I'M
JUST WHERE I
WAS FIVE YEARS
AGO



GUESS I'M A
FAILURE -
LOOKS LIKE
I'LL NEVER
GET ANYWHERE

YOU'LL ALWAYS BE
A FAILURE, TOM,
UNLESS YOU DO SOME-
THING ABOUT IT.
WISHING AND WAITING
WON'T GET YOU
ANYWHERE



J. E. SMITH, President
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Established 28 Years

BE A RADIO TECHNICIAN--More Now Make \$50 a Week Than Ever Before --I WILL TRAIN YOU AT HOME

Here's your chance to get a good job in a busy wartime field with a bright peacetime future! There is a real shortage today of trained Radio Technicians and Operators. So mail the Coupon for my FREE 64-page, illustrated book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." It describes many fascinating types of Radio jobs; tells how you can train for them at home in spare time.

Big Shortage of Radio Technicians, Operators

There's a big shortage of capable Radio Technicians and Operators because so many have joined the Army and Navy. Fixing Radios pays better now than for years. With new Radios out of production, fixing old sets, which were formerly traded in, adds greatly to the normal number of servicing jobs.

Broadcasting Stations, Aviation and Police Radio, and other communications branches are scrambling for Operators and Technicians. The Government, too, needs hundreds of competent civilian and enlisted Radio men and women. Radio factories, now working on Government orders for radio equipment, employ trained men. And think of the NEW jobs Television, Electronics, and other Radio developments will open after the war! This is the sort of opportunity you shouldn't pass up.

Many Beginners Make \$5, \$10 a Week Extra in Spare Time While Learning

There's probably an opportunity right in your neighborhood to make money in spare time fixing Radios. I'll give you the training that has started hundreds of N.R.I. students making \$5, \$10 a week

extra within a few months after enrolling. The N.R.I. Course isn't something just prepared to take advantage of the present market for technical books and courses. It has been tried, tested, perfected during the 28 years we have been teaching Radio.

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Training Men for Vital Radio Jobs

THIS **FREE** BOOK HAS SHOWN HUNDREDS
HOW TO MAKE GOOD MONEY

J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3MA3
National Radio Institute, Washington - 9, D. C.

Mail me FREE, without obligation, your 64-page book, "Win Rich Rewards in Radio." (No salesman will call. Write plainly.)

Name.....Age.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



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CHOOSE YOUR PRIZE!

Plenty of noise—plenty of fun—with this BIG gun; operates on a swivel or dismounted, like army guns. Sell only one order Xmas packs.

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A snappy officer's belt and cap outfit with an automatic-type pistol and holster. Given for selling only one order.

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GENUINE LEATHER FOOTBALL—Official size. Tough, sturdy—a swell prize for selling only one order.

GIVEN!



Gene Autry HOLSTER SET—BOYS! Here's that Set you've wanted. "Texan" type pistol in jeweled holster, leather belt, kerchief and lariat—ALL for selling only one order.

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Fullsize, sweet-toned Ukulele, decorated with Hawaiian scene. Instructionsheet FREE. Sell only one order.

GIVEN



5 CLOTH BOUND BOOKS—Over 200 pages each. Choose any five from 24 thrilling stories for boys, girls and all the family—all 5 given for selling only one order.

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Full size comb, brush, mirror, perfume bottle and powder jar. Given for selling only one order.



PRE-FLIGHT TRAINING SET—Exactly like regular airplane cockpit—every instrument moves. Gunsight and cannon trigger too. This complete outfit for selling only one order.



FREE Secret bombsight game, with this wonderful prize.

OTHER PRIZES FOR YOU

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Electric Football Game
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"Old Spice" Toilet Kit
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Full-size Violin
Perfume Lamps
Ice Skates
Boxing Gloves
Other prizes for boys and girls and gifts for Mother, too.

GET YOUR PRIZE THIS EASY WAY

BOYS! GIRLS! Do like thousands of others. Get swell prizes for yourself or gifts for Mother and Dad. All prizes shown above and many others in our BIG PRIZE SHEET are GIVEN WITHOUT A CENT OF COST for selling 40 Xmas Packs at 10c each. Some of the bigger prizes require extra money as stated in BIG PRIZE SHEET.

It is easy to sell these Xmas Packs to your family, friends and neighbors. Each pack contains 96 Sparkling Xmas Seals in brilliant colors—a big value. When sold, send us the money and choose your prize from our Big Prize Sheet.

Mail the coupon today for Xmas Packs and our Big Prize Sheet—tell us what prize you want. SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.

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Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money, and get my prize.

My choice of prize is _____

Name _____

Street Address
or R.F.D. Box _____

City _____

State _____